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CLASS 702a No.  
COPY B



PUBLISHED BY  
THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE CO.  
— NEW YORK. —



THE JUSTLY FAMOUS  
POCKET  
PACKAGE

A FEW LEAVES  
OF  
TOBACCO  
AND TEN  
CLEAN FINGERS  
MAKE THE  
SANTEL STOCK



**SANATEL TOBACCO CO.** WHEELING, W.VA.  
ALEX. BOLTON, Propy.

ALWAYS THE SAME  
HIGH-GRADE CIGAR

*Casino Girl*



Best of all 5¢ Havana Cigars.  
MAX JACOBY & CO.,  
MAKERS

That Pleases Smokers  
Wherever They Are.

MAX JACOBY & CO.,  
Makers of Fine Cigars,  
298 AVENUE A, NEW YORK.

SAMUEL S. BEARD & CO.,  
Distributors,  
180 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.

*Tale of a  
2c.  
Stamp.*

A Warm Novelette.  
You'll want more  
after you read it.

10c. Each. Send to-day, don't  
delay.

**Towle Specialty Co.**  
BOSTON, MASS.

K. T. J. 91.11.20.08

K. P. J. Nov 20 - 1907



**BUSTILLO BROS. & DIAZ,**

.....MANUFACTURERS OF.....

# Clear Havana Cigars



**Finest Quality and Workmanship.**

*Factory: TAMPA, FLA.*

**Office: 58 Warren Street,**

**Corner West Broadway,**

**NEW YORK.**

VOLUME VII.

NUMBER 1.

# The Smoker's Magazine

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OH! THIS IS GREAT!  
THIS  
**CREMO**  
THE BEST 5 CENT CIGAR.

ACKEN, MERRALL & CONDIT,  
and  
METROPOLITAN TOBACCO CO.,  
N. Y.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS.

Please mention THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE to advertisers.

# Havana Commercial Company,

NEW YORK OFFICE:

167 Water St.

HAVANA OFFICE:

102 Galiano.

## CIGAR FACTORIES:

Manuel Garcia Alonso, La Meridiana, La Flor de Cuba, A de Villar y Villar,  
La Comercial, La Carolina, La Africana, La Vencedora, La Rosa  
Aromatica, La Flor de Yncian, La Flor de Murias, La  
Antiguedad, La Reserva.

## CIGARETTE FACTORIES:

El Siboney,

Pedro Murias,

Crema de Cuba,

La Vencedora.

Cable Address: "Havanacom," New York. "Haco," Havana.

# Ruy Lopez Ca.,

Manufacturers of

## Vuelta Abajo Habana Cigars

Exclusively.

20 Fulton St., Cor. Front,  
New York.



"ALWAYS AS FINE AS TOBACCO GROWS."



**B. SHARP,**  
HIGH-GRADE  
**Cigars,**  
10 COMFORT ST.,  
Goldton, Cal.

EXACT SIZE 7-8 X 1 1-8 INCHES.

**YOUR NAME ON  
1000 GUMMED FREE  
LABELS**

With a Year's Subscription to

# The Smoker's Magazine \$1.

**JUST  
HOW  
THEY  
LOOK**



**Y. D. WAKE,**  
DEALER IN  
**FINE CIGARS**  
1000 PURCHASE ST.,  
Priceville, Ok.

Showing the exact size of Gummed Labels, 1000 of which are given with each subscription at \$1.00 per year.

These little business-pushers can be used in a thousand ways—stick 'em on boxes of cigars, cigarettes, matches, packages of tobacco, etc., keeping your name before the smoking public, advertising your store and increasing your regular trade. We use only the best gummed paper, so they will not stick together, break or curl. They are plainer, handier, cleaner and more showy than a rubber stamp and may be used in many places at the same time; are also used as price-marks, and on paper and envelopes, etc. We make ONE SIZE ONLY, as shown, and only in assorted colors. No variation in size or color is possible. Labels forwarded by prepaid mail in a handsome box in about 10 days.

## Quantity and Quality at Lowest Prices.

A Year's Subscription to The Smoker's Magazine with	1,000 Gummed Labels, \$1.00
3,000	2.00
6,000	3.00
10,000	4.00

SEND CASH WITH ORDER. STAMPS ACCEPTED.

The less reading a label contains the better it will look. Write plainly, giving full address and order to-day.

**THE SMOKER'S  
MAGAZINE CO.,**  
TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK.

WE REFER TO ALL COMMERCIAL AGENCIES, AND BANKS AND EXPRESS COMPANIES IN NEW YORK.

SEND POSTAL FOR SAMPLE LABELS—THEY'RE FREE.

**The Only Magazine Issued Solely  
in the Interests of the Retailer  
and His Customers.**

Thousands of the most successful retailers the country over are already subscribers, because the magazine is instructive and valuable to them. Those who are not subscribers we ask to examine the magazine and note what the trade says of it.

**We solicit the subscription of every  
intelligent cigarman in the land.**

**May we not have yours?  
Read What Others Say.**

*"The best publication in the trade,"*  
L. W. COON, NEW YORK.

*"My customers find it interesting  
and prefer it to any other trade  
paper,"* M. GROSSMAN, NEW YORK.

*"It is always full of valuable and  
timely suggestions and I prize it  
very highly,"* C. M. HARDEN, LYNN, MASS.

*"It should be in every retailer's hands,"* ED. KOLMAN, CHICAGO, ILL.

*"I highly recommend it to the retailers,"* L. ROSENBAUM, NEW YORK.

*"We got stuck on it and consider it a bargain,"*

**I. HUSTLE,  
CIGARS  
AND  
TOBACCO,  
Blissville, Me.**

H. C. WILD &  
CO., KANSAS  
CITY, MO.

*"Your valuable  
suggestions  
on window  
dressing doubled  
our sales  
last week,"*

PETERSON

*"The best investment I ever made,"* BROS., BURLINGAME, CALIF.

*"No cigar store complete without it,  
ideas enough in  
a copy to last a  
month,"* D. PROWLER, NEW YORK.

And hundreds of others from all classes of cigar-men.

**ANDY SMART'S  
Smoke Shop,  
17 Prosperity Ave.,  
COR. PLEASANT ST. &  
DOLLARSTOWN, U. S.**

# THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE SIGN MARKER

(The line above is the style and size of letters in the set.)

With a Year's Subscription to the Magazine, \$1.25, Prepaid.



The exact size is 3x8x1 1/4 inches. Weight nearly 10 oz.

**THE SIGN MARKER** is practical in every way, and being made of the best material will last a lifetime. The above engraving shows the set of FIFTY 1/4-inch rubber type (capital letters, figures, ornaments, etc.) packed in a strong box with self-inking pad, and ready for use.

## IT IS INDISPENSABLE

to merchants in all lines of business and can be used in hundreds of ways in making Signs, Show Cards, Price Tickets, Bulletins, Marking Boxes, Printing on any flat surface, etc., **saving time and money**, and paying for itself almost every time it is used. Sets selling at \$3.00 and upwards will do no better work, while this set costs practically nothing, being sent prepaid with a year's subscription to **THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE** at \$1.25. This unheard of offer is made simply to increase the circulation of the magazine, which will be found interesting and of great value to every man who makes, handles or smokes cigars. **THE SIGN MARKER** is not sold nor sent C.O.D.—it is **FREE**, and there is but one way to get it, and that is to subscribe to **THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE** for one year at \$1.25, and one will be sent prepaid upon receipt of subscription. Guaranteed exactly as represented in every particular or money refunded without question.

*Do it,  
now.*

should take advantage of it at once.

**no risk!**

Please send us Postal or Express Order. New York Draft or ac. stamps in registered letter for \$1.25 and your subscription for one year will be entered and a sign marker sent you promptly. Make local checks for \$1.25—they cost us 10c. for collection. Stamps or money in unregistered letters at sender's risk. This offer is open to old subscribers as well as new—send in your order and have your subscription extended one year.

Every man can realize the great value of this offer, and should take advantage of it at once. Don't delay—send your order to-day—**NOW IS THE TIME.**

## The Smoker's Magazine Co.,

TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK.

### AGENTS WANTED.

We refer to all Commercial Agencies, Banks and Express Companies in New York City.



The above neat sign was printed with one of our Sign Markers in less than 2 minutes, and then photo-engraved. It shows the work about 1/2 actual size. The many artistic and catchy combinations are unlimited, and the work cannot be excelled by a sign writer or printer.



# Henry Clay and Bock & Co.,

—LIMITED—

The Havana Cigar and Tobacco Factories, Limited.

**HAVANA, CUBA.**

تاجران

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$7,000,000.00 GOLD.

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## CIGAR FACTORIES:

Bock & Co.,	Henry Clay,	La Intimidad,
La Espanola,	La Corona,	Estella,
La Rosa de Santiago,	Flor de Naves,	La Prominente,
Waldorf-Astoria,	Flor de la Habana,	La Imperial.

Annual Output, Over 85,000,000 Cigars.

تاجران

## CIGARETTE FACTORIES:

Bock & Co.,	Henry Clay,	La Espanola,	La Legitimidad,
Honradez,	Hidalquia,	La Corona,	El Comercio, Cuba.

Annual Output, 1,200,000,000 Cigarettes.

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Address all Communications to—

## FERDINAND HIRSCH,

32 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Sole Representative for the United States and Canada.

Cable Address: "CLAYBOCK," New York.

London Office, Dashwood House, 9 New Broad Street.

**HAVANA OFFICE, 9½ O'REILLY STREET.**

# THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE

∴ The only Monthly Magazine issued solely in the ∴  
∴ interests of the Smoker and Tobacconist..... ∴

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1901.

NO. 1.

## WINDOW DRESSING AND STORE ADVERTISING.



ORCEFUL, steady advertising is the only advertising that a wise man should make use of. If there is one mistake bigger than another, it is the mistake made by the man who expends a heap of money on one advertisement, and then drops it—because, it is simply money wasted.

Steady advertising is as certain of returns as is the interest on Government bonds, and there is little more likelihood of fluctuation, provided the facts back up representations, and facts mean goods. Spasmodic advertising may be compared to a man buying a \$10 dinner and expecting it to last him a week; or, because one dose of medicine does him some little good, to take ten bottles at one time, expecting it to effect a permanent and immediate cure.

It is questionable whether a spasmodic outburst of advertising is of any permanent value. Indeed, such advertising may be positively injurious—like the overdose of medicine, inasmuch as goods advertised in this way become associated in the public's mind with something not of a perma-

nent nature or quality. That is, people forget all about them, and forgotten goods are dead goods.

That class of advertising, which is speculative—sensational advertising—may make a hit, like any other purely speculative scheme. But, where one such craft reaches port with a full cargo or the scheme makes money, forty-nine go to the bottom or are wrecked on the hidden rocks of inexperience. We've all heard the story of the ship that was wrecked by the darky pilot who knew every rock in the harbor, and when he ran the ship upon a rock, coolly informed the captain: "Dis is one on 'em." The moral is self evident.

The other class of advertising—the result-producing kind—is the lively and ever changing announcement that greets the public eye in the tastefully arranged show window—this is of the investment character, and yields a steadily growing return. The lesson of experience teaches that steady advertising pays, and that is the kind of advertising that every cigarman should use.

The public is a "quitter." In its buying tastes and prejudices it needs

a constant stimulus, and that stimulus is steady advertising. Such constantly increasing multitudes of goods are thrust upon the market with every new day, that even a decided preference for a particular class may easily be turned aside by something fresh,

does it not follow that every purchase thus made means a loss for the sale of your special brands. The best goods ever made and however firmly established, are in danger of supremacy as sellers, and therefore as money-makers, unless they are constantly in the fore-



attractively and persistently presented.

There is no line of business to which the foregoing applies more pertinently than that of the tobacconist. New brands of goods by both old and new makers are upon the shelves every day. They are skillfully arrayed and attractively put up, and they are in a dozen different stores all rivals for trade. Is it not reasonable to suppose that some of them will be bought, and

ground of the advertising procession. It is as much a legitimate part of the cigarman's business as his fixture or the location of the store.

In case the tobacconist relies solely on his store and show window as his advertising feature, so much the greater reason for concentrated and continual good work along that line. Perfection is not always attainable, but there is such a thing as being bet-



ter than your neighbor in effectively advertising your business. Make the place adorn the goods, as well as the goods adorn the place.

The day of dirty show cases and some empty cigar boxes as a "display" to attract trade has passed even the backwoods stage. Such efforts detract rather than attract. Have you ever been in a new mining town where civilization is just a little raw? If so, you have noticed that the merchants are adepts in the art of window dressing, and can give many of their brother retailers in the large cities "cards and spades." They don't use the spade as a window cleaner, nor the pick-axe to pick up the precious dust, either. However, they have a "clean up" every day, as their glittering attraction is a good cigar at a good price.

A card, as appears below, should be strictly true to the letter, and is a good enough motto for any store.

**We  
Sell Goods,  
Not Customers.**

Unless the tobacconist can dress his own window and decorate the store, he should pay some one to do it for him. It will pay him well. There are one or two things that every storekeeper can do or insist upon having done. And that is, he can keep his stock and fixtures clean and bright in every particular. Further, he can also keep his eye out as to what the other fellow is doing, and learn to do just a little better. This is the point at which

his business is also a little better than any of his competitors.

Hot days are here. An appropriate bulletin for a warm day might read as follows:

**Yes, It's a  
HOT  
DAY!  
BLIZZARDS**

**THERMOMETER.**

**For Sale Here**

**at 5 Cents Each.**

**IT'S A COOL SMOKE.**

A plain reading thermometer may be placed on the card or bulletin as shown, and will attract considerable attention, as a thermometer is an interesting article during the heated term.

She—What if I have loved another, dear? Don't you know it has only prepared me for the greater, higher love I have for you?

"That's all right, but how do I know that the love you have for me isn't preparing you for a greater, higher love for some one else?"—Life.

Here is a good suggestion for a general motto that may be put to good use by any tobacconist, in either store or window.

**Our Motto**  
**Is in Every**  
**Man's Mouth:**  
**"A GOOD**  
**CIGAR."**

During vacation time it may be well to direct the attention of the smoking public to the fact that you are always in a position to supply their wants properly, and that your vacation does not interfere with their requirements. The following suggestion is self-explanatory, and should have a desirable effect.

**Our Head Salesman,**  
**MR. R. GOOD GOODS,**  
**Never Takes a Vacation.**  
**He's In Now.**

Another suggestion that may aid the tobacconist in securing his share of the

vacation trade, could read something in this wise:

**We're Ready**  
**For Your**  
**VACATION.**  
**ARE YOU?**  
**Our Kind of Goods**  
**For Sale Here Only.**  
**FIT BEFORE YOU FLIT.**




"Did the gentleman give you nothing for rescuing the lady from drowning? Why didn't you ask him?"  
"I didn't have the gall to after he told me she was his mother-in-law."

The glib falsifier of a North Missouri paper pretends to have heard of the following call for professional services sent by a local resident to a doctor in a neighboring town: "Dear Doctor—My wife's mother is at death's door. Please come at once and see if you can't pull her through."—Kansas City Journal.

One day a stranger came to the farm and, seeing the lad, asked, "Sonny, where's your father?" "In the pig-pen?"

was the reply. "In the pig-pen? Thanks!" And as the man moved in the direction indicated l'enfant terrible shouted. "I say! you'll know him, 'cause he's got his hat on."—Boston Budget.

Short jingles are usually good advertising, as they will "stick" in a smoker's mind where a sermon wouldn't. How's this?



Rain or Shine,  
Wet or Dry,  
Here's the Cigar  
You Want to Buy.

\*\*\*

'COS IT'S GOOD.

The tobacconist himself is the best judge as to how and when the suggestions contained in this department shall be applied to the requirements of his own business. They are not intended to always be used literally, and when one of them is a suggestion or stimulus to a better idea of your own, along the same line, we are pleased to know that they have been of value to you in advancing your best interests. We believe in reciprocity in this direction and shall be pleased to hear from you at any time.

### Flavoring Tobacco.

COLUMBUS found the natives of the West Indies smoking an herb wrapped in maize leaves, which they called tobago, and in 1560 Jean Nicot distributed plants of this herb, raised from seed, to various parts of Europe.

These two events give the clue to the popular and scientific names of a commodity whose annual cultivation and preparation for market probably employs more capital than any other one substance not a food product.

During 1899 in the United States alone over 266,000,000 pounds of tobacco, over 4,500,000,000 cigars, and 4,500,000,000 cigarettes were manufactured and sold, and yielded a revenue to the Government of over \$52,000,000.

In a recent volume by Koning—"Der Tabak; Studies Ueber Seine Kultur und Biologie"—Suchland's claim is confirmed, that the special flavors and aromas which give their high value to certain Cuban tobaccos, and which have been thought to be due to the soil, are really caused by the action of special bacteria during the fermentation process. Suchland's idea was that the special flavor of the high-priced tobaccos—as, for instance, that from the Vuelta Abajo district in Cuba—could be imparted to inferior growths by infesting them with this special bacteria during fermentation.

Koning has succeeded in this to the extent that a tobacco infected with his bacterium, fermented, and then made up and handed to experts, was selected by the latter as superior to other specimens not so treated.

In a bank in Philadelphia is displayed prominently this sign:

"Gentlemen will please not smoke in this building."

To which somebody, evidently a lover of the weed annoyed by the manners of the clerks, has appended:

"It makes the clerks sour and envious."

**Theodore Roosevelt's Double.**

**T**OBACCO TEDDY" is the felicitous title given to Henry E. Ackerburg, a leading cigarman of Chicago, from his remarkable resemblance to Theodore Roosevelt, vice-president of the United States.

This striking resemblance may readily be seen by a glance at Mr. Ackerburg's photograph reproduced in the

quired through some thirty years' experience in the best system of successful storekeeping. A choice and complete line of goods is carried in stock, special prominence being given to the Turnover Club cigar, of which Mr. Ackerburg is the distributor.

An incident of a Republican demonstration last October was furnished in C. E. Erby, acting as President Mc-



HENRY E. ACKERBURG, OF CHICAGO.

accompanying engraving, and which is an excellent likeness.

The second half-tone illustration shows an interior view of Mr. Ackerburg's cigar store, in the Security Building, 186 Madison street. Back of the counter is seen the smiling countenance of the proprietor. Every feature of this elegantly appointed store shows a mastery of business detail ac-

Kinley, and Mr. Ackerburg representing Col. Roosevelt, both mounted on a man-killing elephant, and which was the sensational feature of the parade, and the "real thing."

Mr. Spunger (insinuatingly)—That is a good cigar you are smoking.

Mr. Deacon—Yes. I'll give you—the address of the dealer.

**Colonial Tobacco Legislation.**

ONE of the curiosities of old time legislation was, that the use of tobacco in early colonial days was regarded by the magistrate and elders as far more injurious, degrading and sinful than that of intoxicating liquors. Both the use and the planting of the weed was forbidden. The cultivation being permitted only in small quantities, "For mere necessity, for Phisick, for preservation of the health, and that the same be taken privately by anncient men."

sliders who were caught smoking around the corner of the meeting house and others on the street, and they were fined and set in the stocks and cages.

Until within a few years there were New England towns where tobacco smoking on the streets was prohibited, and innocent cigar-loving travelers were astounded at being requested to cease smoking.

Mr. Drake wrote in 1886 that he knew men, then living, who had had to plead guilty or not guilty in a Bos-



INTERIOR VIEW OF MR. ACKERBURG'S CIGAR STORE.

Landlords were ordered not to "suffer any tobacco to be taken into their houses" on penalty of a fine to the "victualler" and another to "the party that takes it." The laws were constantly altered and enforced, and still tobacco was grown and was smoked. No one could take it "publicly" nor in his own house or anywhere else before strangers. Two men were forbidden to smoke together.

No one could smoke within two miles of the meeting house on the Sabbath day. There were wicked back-

ton police court for smoking in the streets of Boston.

In Connecticut in early days a great indulgence was permitted to travelers—a man could smoke once during a journey of ten miles.

Mother—Where have you been all night, Mickey?

Mickey (aged 11)—Sittin' up with a sick friend.

Mother—Go on! Who's that?

Mickey—Terry Dugan. He's just smoked his first cigar.—Chicago News.



# THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE

THE ONLY MONTHLY MAGAZINE ISSUED  
SOLELY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE  
SMOKER AND TOBACCONIST.....

PUBLISHED BY

THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE CO.,

TIMES BUILDING, 41 PARK ROW,

TELEPHONE, 3707 CORTLANDT,

NEW YORK CITY.

EASTON SHAW, Editor.

H. S. HALL, Business Manager.

Issued the first of every month, \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. Subscriptions may begin at any time.

REMITTANCES should be made by N. Y. Draft, Express Order, or P. O. Money Order, payable to THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE CO. Cash or stamps should be sent by Registered Letter. We cannot be responsible for loss if sent any other way.

When change of address is desired, both the old and new address must be given.

CORRESPONDENCE on all subjects of interest to the trade is solicited.

All manuscript should be accompanied by stamps for return—otherwise we will not be responsible for same.

ADVERTISING rates furnished upon application. ENTERED at the New York Post Office as second-class mail matter.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1901.

Tobacco men throughout the country have heaved a big sigh of relief owing to the decision handed down by the Supreme Court of the U. S. in the famous insular cases. This undoubtedly means a tax on Philippine cigars and tobacco.

In case a cigar is worth selling, its name is worth registering and protecting. What's in a name?—considerable to you.

Every tobacconist should have his own private brands, both for cigars and tobacco. If the goods are a credit to you, you should have credit for them—if they are not good, you should not sell them.

Private brands are a protection to the tobacconist's business, for the sim-

ple reason that competitors cannot handle and cut prices on such goods—they are your property. Let us grind your axe that you may cut more wood.

If there are any trade scalps to be taken, or records broken, or things done, Uncle Sam is the boy who can do it. The fiscal year ending June 30th will show exports aggregating \$1,500,000,000—smashing another already big record. Europe seems "jarred."

This issue of THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE is the first number of *Volume Seven*, and will be found to contain double the usual amount of reading matter—simply an additional improvement, giving our many readers more for their money.

Possibly our readers will notice that we make more improvements than promises. Occasionally there is a want even in the midst of the vast amount of reading matter offered to the public, and when that want can be detected and properly filled, there is an immediate and spontaneous demand for the article offered.

Herein lies our easiest and most natural course. The tobacco trade and its wide business interests has many papers technically satisfactory. There is no publication, which in a general sense keeps thoroughly in touch with the immense and diverse interests of cigars and tobacco, and while giving to the public all broadly interesting matter connected therewith, has a special and exclusive field for the cigarman and his customers, and for the countless hosts of Smokers the continent over—none save THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE.

The tobacco and cigar store is peculiar in that it differs altogether from the store where butter and cheese and nails may be bought. These latter are prosaically business. The old time corner grocery heard many yarns

swapped in bye gone years, but the times are too strenuous to permit of the merchant of to-day swinging his legs from the counter and discussing politics.

The tobaccory has a lighter vein. While keenly alive to business interests, it is a place where official pressure may be relaxed. The atmosphere is light; the laugh goes, and there is that comfortable sense of being comfortable without being taken for a loafer, or standing on the square heel of business etiquette.

Here, pure shop is not always discussed. It is a rendezvous or place of general round-up, where the business man, the sporty man, the newspaper man, the man of politics and the man of leisure, and finally the great clan who come under the world-wide name of Smokers, and who during the day drop in for a smoke and a chat over the day's doings.

Many new brands of cigarettes are being marketed daily, which seems to show that the anti-cigarette agitation has accomplished little. There will always be a demand for the paper wrapped smokes.

Porto Rico says she is able to raise her own revenue, and demands free trade with the United States as agreed. It does not necessarily follow that the tobacco industry of this country will suffer to any great extent—there are too many smokers.

A Tiffin man has sued for divorce on the ground that his wife refused to sew buttons on his clothing. Courageous fellow! Now we will see what justice can be had in our courts.—Toledo Blade.

"Does your husband go out to his club very much?"

"Yes, quite a good deal. He hates to stay home alone, you know."—Life.

### Queries Answered Department.

**Q**UERIES will be answered in this department, for our readers, whether they are subscribers or not, and we desire all to bear in mind that this service is entirely free of charge. Make as liberal use of the privilege as you wish. All communications will have prompt attention, and answers will be forwarded by mail when a two-cent stamp or a postal card is sent for that purpose.

**R. E. S.**—No remittance of the war tax is allowed for goods in stock on July 1, unless the amount is \$10 or over. The Revenue Dept. supplies forms and full information, which may be obtained upon application.

**Wm. H.**—Cigar factory No. 27, District of West Virginia, is owned and operated by the Wheeling Stogie Cigar Co., Wheeling, W. Va., and they are the makers of Little Harold stogie-cigars.

**J. B. J.**—There is no law against cigarette smoking in either New York State or City. The bill you speak of was killed by the Board of Aldermen. Such laws are however in force in several states, but their constitutionality is being contested.

**J. E. F. and Others.**—We find it necessary to again repeat that remittance must accompany all communications to our Red Register Bureau for searches and registrations.

**E. E. G.**—Relative to your query you are referred to the N. Y. Store Fixture Co., 148 Bank St., and the Frankel Display Fixture Co., 639 Broadway—both of New York City. Please mention this Magazine in writing them.

**C. A. W.**—Athos is one of the brands of E. A. Kline & Co., 1408 Ave. A, New York.

**M. Z.**—Players Plug Cut is an English tobacco similar to Wills' Capstan, but upon investigation we fail to learn that there is any regular distribution for same in this country at the present time. Should any of our readers know where Players Plug Cut may

be obtained, we would appreciate it if they will kindly advise.

T. A. M.—The Universal Tobacco Co. must not be confounded with the Consolidated Tobacco Co. The Universal claims to be an entirely independent company and not connected with the trust.

### Swearing Off.

**A** WELL-DRESSED, good-looking young man walked up to the Hotel cigar stand and asked for a certain brand of Turkish cigarette. The man back of the cases passed out a box of them. The well-dressed guest extracted one cigarette and handed the rest back to the clerk together with five cents, and remarked:

"I'm doing pretty well now, don't you think so? I buy only one of them at a time. It used to be thirty per day, as I guess you'll remember. The next time I come around you won't be able to hire me to smoke one of those things."

The guest lighted his cigarette and walked away.

"He's trying to break himself of the cigarette habit," remarked the clerk. "It's a pretty hard task, I guess, because he used to be the most inveterate cigarette smoker I ever knew. He believes it is easier and safer to drag that habit of his down stairs one step at a time than it is to throw it down the entire flight. About two months ago he smoked thirty of those cigarettes every day. Then he began to buy three of them at a time. The next time he came to this hotel he bought but two at a time. Now, you see, he's buying only one. It's rather expensive, because he pays me five cents for each cigarette, and a whole box costs only fifteen cents, but he says he isn't so apt to smoke them if he doesn't have them handy in his pocket."

"Do you run across very many who try to break off the cigarette habit?" the clerk was asked.

"Oh, yes, but few of them succeed," was the reply. "Most of them try to

stop suddenly. They last about a week. Then they say that they have found that they can break off easily at any time, and that they think they will begin to smoke moderately. Before they realize it they are burning up cigarettes just as fast as ever. The next time they try to stop, it's harder than it was the first time. The confirmed cigarette fiend is the man who has stopped smoking two or three times."

### Fortunes in Cigarette Smoke.

**H**E was out walking with a young lady who had a decided antipathy to cigarettes, but not being aware of her prejudice he lighted one of the little rolls and began smoking with great gusto, inhaling the fumes deep into his lungs and then blowing great rings up at the moon, which gazed tranquilly down on his folly.

Offended by his presumption, she said, with dangerous urbanity:

"Do you know I can read fortunes in cigarette smoke?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the unsuspecting youth. "Perhaps you'll condescend to read mine."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it."

Then she gazed up in the air at the delicate blue wreaths of smoke. She hesitated, evidently puzzled about something.

"I am undecided which of two things is to befall you," she admitted; "your fortune is not so easily read as I fancied it would be."

"What are the two things?"

"Why, I can't determine whether you are marked out for lung disease or lunacy," was the answer. "Cigarettes have such peculiar effects on people of your temperament."

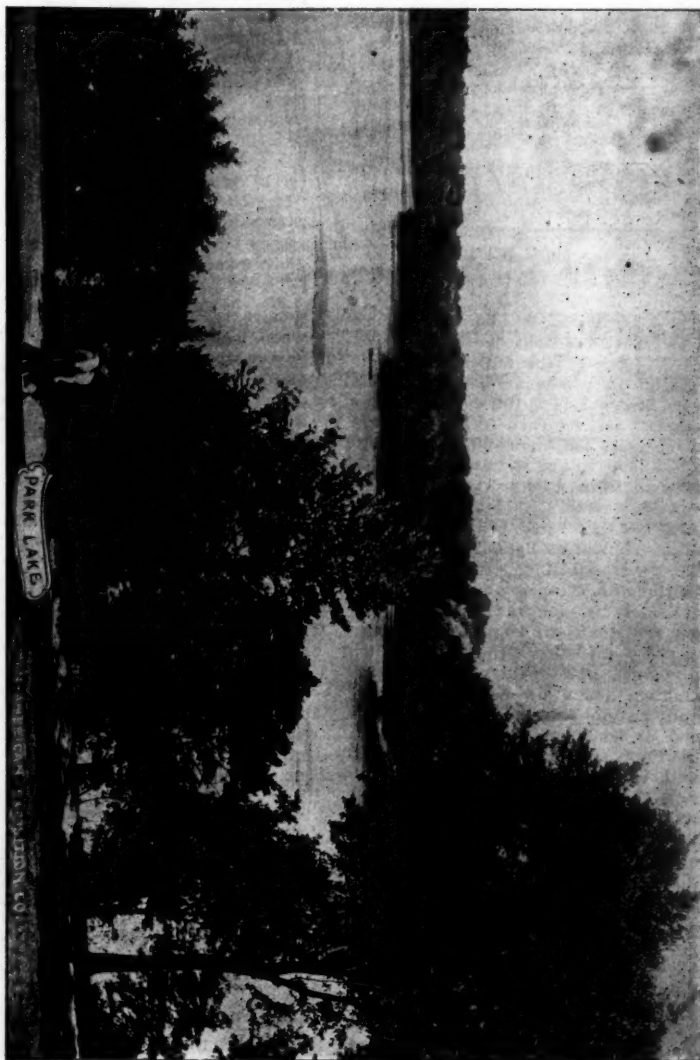
A moment later the cigarette lay glimmering in the gutter and the fortune-teller was listening to her escort's embarrassed apologies.

Soaker—Why do you blow the smoke into the curtains?

Smoker—Because my wife won't allow me to at home.



VIEW OF PARK LAKE, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, N. Y.



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❖ FORTUNE

❖ OF WAR

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❖ By Frances

❖ Courtenay Baylor

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❖ Copyright, 1900, by

❖ Frances Courtenay Baylor

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**M**Y NAME is John Harding. I was a Confederate soldier in one of the famous regiments that went into the field a thousand strong, with a full complement of officers, and returned from it with 75 men, under the command of a lieutenant, a tattered flag and as much experience of the art of war as Ovid himself—perhaps more.

In that time I had, of course, like all of my fellow soldiers, many stirring, not to say thrilling, adventures and hairbreadth escapes which I often recall over my pipe in my chimney corner, now that I am emphatically a man of peace—a justice of the peace, indeed, a county squire with a dozen grandchildren about me—never handling a gun or pistol from year's end to year's end or smelling gunpowder save on the Fourth of July, when I "celebrate" with my grandchildren "the ever glorious," as good a citizen as—well, I was a good soldier. I'll not pretend that I wasn't.

I am not quite as enthusiastic on these occasions as my favorite grandson, I must admit, for he generally begins the day with from 47 to 57 packs of firecrackers, using the kitchen stove as his base of operations and beginning at 5 o'clock a. m. last summer, to wind up at 7 that evening with his last pack cleverly attached to the back of his grandmother's cap, exploding it in person from the rear and provoking another explosion and a flank movement by no means so highly relished. My wife's temper is that of a domestic angel, but she can be provoked, and she wears slippers habitually. I saw her

remove and replace one at dinner time when, looking through the window, we saw the young rascal blow himself up on the most approved scientific principles two feet in the air by means of a candle box, on which he was seated, with a siege train laid between his legs which he touched off with infinite zest. However, I must not talk about that boy, or I shall never be done. My wife declares that I talk of him in my sleep. What I shall try to do is to recall a dramatic war experience instead, which may prove more interesting to the general public.

I was out on the picket line in front of my division one day in the spring of 1864, just over the Tennessee border, in such glorious health and spirits that I waited with impatience for the engagement to begin which we were all expecting. The Federals were massed in front of us, and our guns were trying to get the enemy's range, when suddenly a great blue wave swept forward; our picket line was captured. The wave swept farther forward; there was a short, sharp engagement, and we were driven back. It was the one horror of my life at that time to fancy myself in prison at Camp Chase, and when I took in what had happened—the brief struggle over—I took advantage of the confusion that reigned to roll myself into a ditch that was in front of what had been our picket line, with reelings and staggerings that quite deceived my would-be captors. There I lay as motionless as I could make myself, not daring to stir, to wink, scarcely to breathe. There was no lack of com-

peny. I could tell that by the cries and groans of the wounded of both armies. I had contrived to pull my cap over my face a bit as I fell, but kept my eyes closed until the hubbub had subsided a little. I heard "the Feds" walking about and giving orders for stretchers and ambulances. I heard the rattle of the musketry as it grew fainter and fainter in the distance—then the peculiar, unmistakable ring of cavalry approaching. A squadron jumped our ditch in hot pursuit of our retreating division, and I noticed that one of the horses was sporting a frayed belly band, and that all the troopers were settled deep in their stirrups in full charge. The batteries were soon silenced.

After awhile I heard our prisoners marched to the rear and congratulated myself that I was not among them. I waited a long while, and then all was quiet. I cautiously raised myself up on one elbow and looked down the ravine at the dead and wounded, poor old Mortimer of my company being among the former. I must get off before the surgeons and stewards came up, that was clear. I turned over and on all fours crawled up the side of the ditch, which was quite deep, to reconnoiter and see what cover the country afforded. As ill luck would have it, I came plump upon a group of three Federal soldiers. Two of them were lying down exhausted; the third had his back to me and was cleaning his gun. I dodged, but he had seen me out of the tail of his eye. He cried "Hello, there!" and I made a bolt for it, but he was a swift runner and in a few minutes had a pistol at my head. I surrendered with indescribable chagrin. I had counted on getting off, for it was growing dark, and I knew that if I could once wriggle myself behind some brush or, better still, to the foot of a tree and up it I had a very good chance of escape in a friendly country. There were some other groups of soldiers at a distance. It was bitterly disappointing to see a fine oak not 1,000 yards away, with a woodland half a mile back of that, to reflect that I might have succeeded. However, having yielded, I tried to submit with a good grace. My captor was a handsome, kindly sort of fellow. He made it as easy for me as he could. He marched me promptly to the rear, but gave me some tobacco

and remarked: "Oh, well, it's all in the job. You'll be paroled before long, I guess."

In two hours I was on a train, with a car full of the prisoners bound for Camp Chase, the most depressed man you can imagine. We traveled all night, but I couldn't sleep. I talked instead with the officer in charge, a gentlemanly New Yorker, who knew my name, having gone to Yale with my brother Edward. He seemed no more inclined to sleep than I and did not leave me until about 3 o'clock, when he kindly turned two seats over that I might get some rest. If this ever meets his eye, I shall beg him to believe that I appreciated his thoughtfulness and courtesy and ask him to forgive what followed.

By noon next day we were rattling through Kentucky, and, this officer coming in, we had some pleasant talk. He offered me a Havana and suggested himself that we should smoke it on the platform. We went out together and smoked. A guard from the next car came out just at that moment and began to report to him, and as he did



He cried "Hello, there!" so we approached a station and slowed up. At that instant my eye fell idly upon an old fashioned stone house, set

in an old fashioned garden, not 200 yards from the brand new station, which looked as if it had been cut out of cardboard with a jigsaw. In the midst of the garden there was a clump of laurels of more than a century's growth, toward which all the stiff old box bordered beds converged. "What a hiding place!" flashed into my mind, and in another flash I was hiding in that very place, trembling in every limb—all eye and ear.

The alarm was instantly given, as I could hear. From my green asylum I could see the officer who had been so polite to me dash around the corner of the house. For 20 minutes the garden and house were full of soldiers, who searched for and pursued me with the utmost spirit, never dreaming that I was watching the whole proceeding not 20 yards away. The safest place to secrete oneself is almost immediately under the nose of the seeker, and I presently had the satisfaction of seeing my Federal friends take off their belts and pistols and return to the train, chaffing each other on their failure to find me. The whistle blew, the train moved off and I drew a long breath.

So far, so good. But what next? That was emphatically the question. "When in doubt, stay where you are" seemed to me the only policy under the circumstances. I staid where I was, accordingly, until dusk, and just as I was about to creep out I heard voices—the voices of a man and woman at the well. They were discussing my escape, and I soon discovered that she was a good "rebel," and he an equally good Union man.

"Well, I'm not sorry he got off," he said. "I'd arrest him pretty quick, if I laid my eyes on him. It would be my duty, and I'd do it, but I'm glad that I haven't got no call to do it. I wouldn't like to send any man to prison and maybe to death."

"You wouldn't arrest him if I could help it," said the woman. "You are no friend of mine or you wouldn't talk that way."

"Oh, yes, I am; but you ain't all I care for. Mary," he replied.

"Lovers," I thought, and waited. There was some further talk. I shifted my position a little and saw a young fellow carry a couple of pails of

water into the house. "A handsome youngster," I thought, "a mild, kind face." My next thought was "Whew, but you are a beauty!" as the woman followed with another.

A beauty she was of the most spirited and piquant type, with coquetry written all over her, from her shoe lace to the topmost peak of her pink sunbonnet. In about ten minutes she reappeared, milking stool and pail in hand.

"Now is my chance," I thought, and I crept out, skirted along by the fence and loomed up on the other side of the cow so suddenly that my pretty maid gave a little shriek of alarm that frightened me far more than I had frightened her. I begged her to make no noise; I told her who I was; I cast myself on her mercy and her mother wit. Neither failed me. She pushed back her bonnet and quite forgot that she was 16 and a rustic belle. She was no longer a girl, but a woman. Her eyes brightened and dilated as she listened to me with breathless interest.

"Wait here," she cried and sped away to the house, while I helped myself to a delicious draft from her Alderney, thanking my stars that I had learned in my boyhood how to milk. My friend returned presently and impulsively put into my hand a \$20 gold-piece, first of all.

"I had saved that up," she said with the bright smile with which a woman makes a sacrifice. "You are welcome to it, though, and here's a pair of pistols. My father and three of my brothers are in Georgia in the Army of Tennessee, and here's a suit of citizen's clothes; you'd better go into the barn right off and put them on. Leave your uniform behind the barrel there. I'll take it away as soon as you are gone. Hurry. I'll go put you up something to eat now. Don't you come out until I call you."

I thanked her as well as I could and hastened to do as she advised. When I heard a whistle, I came out of the barn, clad in a very baggy, but very comfortable, suit. There was no trace of the soldier left, except my pistols, which made me feel pretty comfortable in my mind, I can tell you, as I buckled them around my waist, and I felt very grateful to the giver. I met the girl at the door.

"You can come in and eat your supper at the table," she said. "Aunt Sarah is sick, and William"—here she blushed rosily—"has gone to town." Nothing loath, I followed her into a clean, pleasant kitchen, where my eyes were gladdened by an old fashioned wood fire and my nostrils regaled with savory odors to which they had long been strangers. We seated ourselves at the table. I am afraid to say how much I had eaten and intended to eat under these serene circumstances on the camel principle of providing for at least three days ahead. I know I was engaged on my sixth biscuit when whiz! a bullet came through the window pane and lodged in the opposite door! I sprang to my feet and grasped my pistols. Quick as thought, the girl blew out the light on the table. She seized me, crying "This way!" and pushed and pulled me toward an old sideboard.

"What are you going to do?" I cried. "Pull it out," she whispered. I did so: "Get in behind there," she said, "in that hole." I felt about with my hands. I found that blessed hole and, doubling myself up like a jackknife, crept in. My brave friend pulled the sideboard back into place and had just relit the candle when several men burst into the room, crying: "Where is he? Where's he gone?"

"Out that door, and I hope he'll get to the stable before you," said the girl composedly. I could hear her clearing away the table as she spoke. The men swore at her. Some of them dashed into the other rooms of the house. None of them suspected the innocent looking sideboard sitting flat against the wall in the kitchen. Kitty had curled up underneath it. There was clearly nothing there that they could see, and the blind staircase in the hall outside told no tales. I heard no more until the men returned en masse, instituted another search and left the place in a state of furious disappointment. They had hardly gone before William returned. I heard him enter the hall, and before he reached the kitchen the girl came over to the sideboard and, rattling the ware on it, said, "You'll have to stay where you are until mid night."

"All right," said I in return. I now had the pleasure of being ear witness to a conversation to which I would

have preferred to be quite deaf, for William was very much in love, and when William had supped he settled down by the fire and waxed very tender indeed. He would not be switched off the track. He refused to be snubbed into silence. He could not be choked off from avowals. He insisted on an embrace and kiss then and there. I could hear the girl's attempts to dampen his ardor and defer his love-making to a more suitable occasion. I could hear her pushing her chair farther and farther away from him, and I nearly laughed out when at last, half laughing and half crying, she cried out, "Well, I can't help it—I don't care who hears me—I do love you, William, with all my heart."

Embraces and kisses a-many followed this declaration, of course, and I wished myself farther.

"Why, who should hear you, my darling?" asked William.

"Oh, no one, of course," said Miss Flbster. I had to listen for hours to all of William's moving tale, and in that hot, dark, stifling hole second-hand lovers' raptures were certainly below par. The repetitions and the endless, deathless egotism of the situation palled upon me considerably toward midnight. I am afraid I went to sleep. I heard William approach the sideboard and wakened with a start.

"Come away! What do you want?" cried out his sweetheart with asperity. "Only some water," he explained in surprised tones of mild reproof.

"I'll get it for you," said she, and she did. I had all along been aware that there were mosquitoes in my black hole, and when the lovers went back to the fire and began on their impressions and recollections and feelings and symptoms generally I forgot my prudence, lost my temper and slapped my face viciously, determined to be rid of my tormentors.

"What's that?" cried William.

"Oh, nothing," said his sweetheart. "I didn't hear anything." The presentiments and dreams and convictions were resumed. The mosquitoes got in some fine work, too, perfectly understanding that I was completely in their power. I could not stand it. I let fly, with a resounding slap again.

"There it is again!" cried William.

"See here, Mary, there's somebody round."



"Don't be such a goose," replied his sweetheart. "It was the cow outside, I reckon."

"Mighty queer cow. I never knew a cow slap herself before. It was a slap, Mary. I know a slap when I hear one."

"Well, do you see anybody here except you and me?" asked Miss Fibster calmly.

"No, I don't," he replied. "Was it you?"

"No, it—it wasn't anybody," insisted the lady. The feelings and fancies and future plans now fairly raged, although, to do Miss Mary justice, she three times proposed retiring from the subject and the kitchen for the night. The mosquitoes were delighted and put in their little bills—about an inch deep—as if long overdue. I was all doubled up like a jackknife. I was stiff, I was cross, I was tired. My temper was never of the best. I could hardly breathe. I handed the particular mosquito who was preying on my left cheek and thought himself settled for life one, two, three slaps, loud, clear, unmistakable. I pushed aside the sideboard and, pistol in hand, but held out of sight, advanced upon William. His amazement kept him dumb for fully a moment, for he did not know of the black hole. Not so Miss Mary, to whom I explained that the situation had become intolerable. She had a great deal to say. She vibrated and communicated and mediated between us with a tact, an intelligent appeal, that could not be resisted. She subdued and conquered us both in five minutes. She made us friends in five more. William was so happy that he had no place in his heart for anger. She began by making him promise to be neutral for her sake. She wound up by making him willing to help me for my own. She already had me in her pocket. It was all beautifully settled. We all had another supper together after he had inspected the black hole. Both of them accompanied me to the stable. William lent me his horse, saddled it and told me where to leave it, a hundred miles away. Mary held the lantern and helped the thing along, rewarding her William with remarks composed of equal parts of butter and sugar as it proceeded. "You are not a Confederate, you are a—cow," he remarked as

I rode out, and we all shook hands and laughed as I told Miss Mary she had much better wait for me. And, though I have never been dissatisfied with my own "old woman" for one moment, I get soft and warm about the heart to this day when I think of that girl. If half the good things have happened to her that I wished her as I rode off briskly down the turnpike, she has certainly been, as she seemed likely to be, the happiest of women.

William's horse and Mary's goldpiece between them took me as far as Nashville, where a confiding tailor rigged me out in gray again. I wrote them



"Here's a suit of citizen's clothes."

from there and hope they got the letter. I now set off afoot to join my command and, with the help of a railway conductor and three farmers, soon found myself back where my division ought to have been. There had been two engagements, however, in my absence. We had got the worst of it. The army had fallen back into Georgia, I found to my great dismay. I was in as much danger as ever. I had to give the Federal army a wide berth. I had to pass through a country overrun with enemies who were neither brave nor honorable, a region infested with "bushwhackers" and guerrillas. The first was easy enough, for I had every

assistance from everybody I met. The second required a cool head and much caution. After three days of careful advance and "tacking" and reconnoitering I found myself one evening at the close of a long, wearisome march of 30 miles in such need of food, rest and shelter that I looked eagerly about me for some house that gave promise of all three. The only one in sight was a handsome pseudo Greek structure, whose white pillars were only partly visible behind a grove of fine trees. It was set on the crest of a hill, with a glorious sunset behind it, and looked very retired and imposing, so that I rather shrank from presenting myself, a dusty, travel stained soldier, before the kind of family that presumably occupied such a house. It was either that, however, or the only other alternative—camping out, minus even the comforts of a camp. So I opened the gate leading into the grounds and slowly traversed a long avenue of beeches.

As I approached the house I felt more and more that I had nothing in my favor except our southern hospitality and that if the dogs were set on me by way of welcome I had no right to be surprised. As I mounted the steps I became suddenly aware of a kind of peculiar atmosphere, as of a place desolate and deserted, that now made itself felt. I hammered, mildly at first and then more vigorously, on the knocker of the front door, getting no answer except echoes from the big hall inside. Surprised by this and urged by my private needs, I tried the door at last. It was open. I entered, walked forward, walked on, prepared to apologize to the first person I should meet at every step. But I met no one. The house was utterly deserted. I struck a series of matches and saw that it was completely and elegantly furnished. There were a fine library, a grand piano, rich hangings—every surrounding of wealth and refinement—but no need for apologies, for I was my own host. I found candles and lamps and lit them. I found a table spread with delicacies, wines, fruits, meats and beautiful china. It was covered, as was the sideboard, with handsome silver. The chairs had the air of having been hastily pushed back. One was overturned. The viands had

the appearance of having been cooked as recently as the day before. They had been disturbed and partly consumed. It was evident that some sudden alarm had caused the inmates to leave the premises at a moment's notice. I got together all the lights I could muster and sat down and ate the queerest meal of my life under these circumstances, surrounded only by shadows, my mind full of speculations about the people who ought to have been around that table.

"Who and where are they?" I asked myself 20 times. When I had eaten and drunk and smoked (there was a box of Reinas on the side table), I mounted to the second floor. Here all was luxury and daintiness again. I took possession of the prettiest bedroom of all, and how pretty it did look after army life, to be sure, with its sea green walls and white muslin hangings! I took a luxurious bath. I came back to this room and rummaged through the closets and presses for something cool and clean to put on, some substitute for my drenched linen and hot, dusty uniform. I found a score of pretty dresses, all frills and laces; hats, bonnets, and petticoats. I ruefully searched all the rooms adjoining for something belonging to the owner of the Reinas. I found nothing of the kind—they must have been provided for a guest—only more dresses, high heeled slippers, feminine stuff of all kinds that made me ashamed to look them in the face and sent me away a convicted bachelor. Back I went to my room, turned down my bed and, thinking to pull off a sheet and make a "Banquo's ghost" of myself, came upon a long, white laced garment with a blue bow at the throat and "M. C. L." down the front. We will call it a tea gown if you please, a nightgown if you insist. There was no help for it. I put it on and, sitting down on the edge of the bed, laughed uproariously over the figure I cut in it for fully ten minutes and felt myself the biggest, coarsest, ugliest lout that ever lived. I then sank into a sea of bliss. Never, never shall I forget that spring mattress, linen sheeted, lace pillowed, lavender scented, billowy bed! I felt as if I should never get out of it again. It seemed a waste of sensation to go to sleep in such a one after four years of curling up on fence rails, in mud

puddles, horse troughs, under baggage wagons, with a saddle for a pillow. I could not keep awake, however, and I dropped off regretfully, lamenting that I could not keep my cake and eat it too.

I was aroused next morning by steps in my room and, opening my eyes and fumbling under my pillow for my pistol at one and the same moment, beheld at the foot of my bed the most villainous countenance I had ever seen. It was high noon, for I had slept away half the day and all night, but no daylight could redeem such a face, so evil was it—bloated, hideous, surrounded by a bald head all knobs and shelves. I knew him for a "bushwhacker" on the spot and divined by instinct that he had the family silver and whatever else had struck his fancy in the coffee sack that hung over his shoulder.

"I ain't got no weepin'," the precious fellow explained. "Put up yourn. I just come in to look around. The door weren't locked. I didn't know nothing about you being here."

I was pretty short and sharp with the man, as may be supposed, but reflected that his right to be there was fully as good as my own, and as he was there I determined to find out exactly how far I was from the Tennessee river. I questioned him. He told me that he "was raised right there;" that the river was five miles distant only. How did I propose to cross it? I said, with truth, that I did not know, whereupon my benevolent friend stated that he had a skiff hidden under the bank, the only one on the side of the river. He further proposed to put me across it. He modestly asked \$50 in gold or \$500 in Confederate money for the service. As it chanced, I had \$1,000 and more of the latter currency with me. I did not consider the arrangement ideal by any means even then, but it was the only one I could make, so we came to terms. We agreed to meet at a certain spot on the bank two hours later. He told me how to get there. He was leaving the room when my "dander" suddenly rose as I viewed the bulging coffee sack. "Drop that!" I commanded. "I won't!" he replied. "Drop it, I say!" I insisted.

Every soldier understands that there is no use arguing with a pistol. The fellow suddenly dropped the sack on the floor, with the snarl of a dog whose bone is taken from it. He shuffled off

into the hall with oaths and mutterings, and I heard him leave the house. I rose, dressed, opened the sack, which contained silver, other valuables, the Reinas, the remains of the feast, candle ends, Webster's Dictionary (I suppose he gauged books by size), a bottle of Lubin, soap, towels (though I am sure he never used either), a silver gilt looking glass (of all things) and a highly miscellaneous collection altogether. I pocketed the cigars; I tumbling out the other effects. The silver I took down stairs to hide, and, after



*I put it on and, sitting down on the edge of the bed, laughed uproariously.*

casting about for the best place, I weighted the sack and dropped it into a duck pond back of the stable as the only return I could make for the involuntary hospitality of my absent host or hostess. This done, I breakfasted on a loaf of bread and a bottle of claret and left a note of thanks for any member of the household who might return, pinned to the cushion of my dressing table—protemporaneous dressing table, that is. I then made my way to the river. It would not have surprised me had the fellow failed me, but he was there, skiff and all. He insisted on being paid before he would lift a finger, and I paid him. I stepped into



the rickety, leaky looking craft with some misgivings. The Tennessee is not the Thames, and my Charon would not have minded making it the Styx, I knew. Still he was in the same boat, which was pretty good security for my safety. I was armed. Altogether I felt pretty secure. He pulled off with what seemed good will. He became affable.

"An affable villain always bears watching," I thought. (I had my back to him as this idea came to me.) "I'll turn." At this moment my eye caught the shadow on the river of an uplifted paddle behind me. Instinctively I dodged, wheeled and fired. It was a horrible necessity. It has haunted my dreams ever since, although I know that it was perfectly justifiable. Had there been time to think I would have managed to disable him only. Finding him dead, I cast his body into the river. And then such a chill of horror, soldier that I was, seized me that it was some time before I could row a stroke. Even then I did so with my eyes closed for some minutes for fear of seeing him. It seemed an eternity before I reached the shore. With this tragic experience my adventures may be said to have ended. The rest was plain sailing. I got back to my command, got leave and went home, where I was welcomed as one arisen from the dead.

It may interest some people to hear that I returned to Tennessee when the war was over, that "M. C. L." has been my wife (and the best of wives) for many a year and that our grandson, the prodigy, daily batters and bangs one of the silver goblets that I sunk in the pond against the tables and chairs thoughtfully provided for the purpose in his nursery.

#### One Way of Making a Living.

There seems to be no limit to the variety of ways in which a dollar can be earned by a sharp witted man. I know one who makes a comfortable living by attending auction sales of furniture. He is not in collusion with the auctioneer. In fact, he will only attend such sales as are genuine and peremptory, where every article is sold for the highest figure bid, no matter how low. My friend simply trades on the weakness of human nature, es-

pecially of the feminine variety. Many women attend these sales and are really desirous of securing certain articles, but shrink from the publicity of trying to outbid some other would be purchaser.

They prefer to give \$2 or \$3 advance on the price paid by the successful bidder. This man secures all he can of the best bargains offered and then disposes of them at a small advance upon his outlay to one or other of the disappointed bidders. It is not unusual for him to clear from \$10 to \$20 a day. There is no loss, for even if the articles are left on his hands he gets his money back by sending them to a general auction room.—New York Telegram.

#### Prior Rights.



Mother—Why don't you move out of the sun?

Tommy—'Tos I dot here first.

#### Why Tommy Waited.



"Why do you not eat your apple, Tommy?"

"I'm waiting till Johnny Briggs comes along. Apples taste much better when there is another kid to watch you eat 'em."—What to Eat.

## THE ROSE OF LIFE.

The rose spoke in the garden:

"Why am I sad?

The vast of sky above me  
Is blue and glad.

The hushed deep of my heart

Hath the sun's gold;

The dew slumbers till noon

In my petals' hold.

Beauty I have, and wisdom

And love I know,

Yet cannot release my spirit  
Of its strange woe."

Then a wind older than Time,

Wiser than Sleep,

Answered: "The whole world's sorrow

Is yours to keep.

Its dark descends upon you

At day's high noon;

Its pallor is whitening about you

From every moon.

The cries of a thousand lovers,

A thousand slain,

The tears of all the forgotten

Who kissed in vain,

And the journeying years that have vanished

Have left on you

The witens, each of its pain,

Ancient, yet new.

So many lives you have lived;

So many a star

Hath veered in the signs to make you

The wonder you are!

And this is the price of your beauty:

Your wild soul is thronged

With the phantoms of joy unfulfilled

That beauty hath wronged,

With the pangs of all secret betrayals,

The ghosts of desire,

The bite of old flame and the chill

Of the ashes of fire."

—Charles G. D. Roberts in Century.

# "VIXEN."

## A Romance of the Ring.

The brazen blare of trumpets and the heavy thump of the drum, with now and then the shrill whinny of a curvetting horse or the deep roar of a lion, indicated that the mighty show was in full swing.

In the rear of the great marquee, their dark bumps standing out against the background of the starlit sky, stood a score or more of caravans, the homes day and night, week in and week out, year after year, whether jolting and rumbling over heavy roads or backed up, as at present, upon a miasmatic meadow, of all that curious, peripatetic crowd known throughout the length

and breadth of the land as Rodwell's Amalgamation.

Two girls, their shapely, spangled figures enveloped in besmirched and travel worn cloaks, sat upon the steps of one of these movable homesteads talking in hurried undertones.

"He has already spoken, then?" asked the elder girl. "I did not think—I shouldn't—I—what am I saying? It was very sudden."

"In the end it was, perhaps," said the younger, "but it seems he had loved me a long time, and—well, Kitty, I can say it to you—the world has only held one man since I met him. But you don't seem pleased, Kitty. You're not angry with me? Aren't you going to congratulate me, sis?"

"Of course; I was only thinking— But never mind what I thought." She kissed her sister hurriedly.

"May you be ever so happy, dear," she said.

"Why, your face is all wet, Kit. You're—you're not crying?"

"No, no," returned her sister hurriedly, with a forced, hysterical laugh. "Why should I? Only"—

"You thought I was going to run away and leave you, and you would lose a sister and a partner in one, eh? I thought of that before, and so it's stipulated that we're not to marry for a year and even then that you and I are to work our turns just the same as usual. It won't make a bit of difference. But there goes Fritz's revolver. We had better get inside."

Professor Fritz Mellin had concluded his bout with the lions and was bowing in acknowledgment of the plaudits when the girls entered. He had one turn more before the sisters, Kitty and Lillie Lansom, essayed their "marvelous aerial flights and high wire feat." Mellin's great turn was the famous rencontre with Vixen, an Indian tigress that had had her first taste of human blood and was generally expected to be watching a convenient opportunity for her second.

"Oh, how I hate that brute!" said Lillie as the professor lithely skipped up the steps of the cage and, with a half bow to the audience, passed through the bars.

Vixen bounded angrily toward him, but the tamer's eye was upon her, and it was not even necessary to threaten

with the loaded thong he carried.

Round and round the cage, snarling her discontent at being disturbed, Vixen careered, her slackening steps ever and anon being quickened by the sharp crack of the whip. Then over hurdles and again under barriers which required all the animal's crouching powers to negotiate. Finally a flaming hoop was passed into the cage, the professor, holding it in his left hand, flicked and cracked the huge cat through and through and round and round until the animal seemed half dazed and exhausted.

The mastery was complete. Vixen's surliness availed nothing with Fritz Mellin. Whatever her record elsewhere, here in Rodwell's circus, under the "Prince of Tamers," Vixen had no other course but to behave herself and obey.

The people were frantic with admiration and delight. They cheered and counter cheered in ringing tones as Fritz, leaving the cage, bowed repeatedly from the top of the steps.

Then came the aerial flight, and in the hairbreadth adventures above their heads the people forgot the man eating tigress and her daring master.

Kitty, however, high up, flitting from trapeze to trapeze, could not banish Lillie's love affair from her mind. Five years before Fritz Mellin had put to her the same question he had now proposed to her sister.

She had loved him then with her whole heart, as she loved him still, as she would never cease from loving him, yet she declined his offer. She remembered even now the look of mingled disappointment and anger upon his face when she gently but firmly told him so.

It was for her sister's sake she did this, for Lillie, left to her charge, a growing girl, who could not be deserted and who must be worked for and watched over for four or five years more. She had promised their mother, and her promises were unbreakable as steel. To saddle the man of her choice with the expense of her sister was an alternative that found no favor in her sight.

"But you are unreasonable, Kitty," he had said. "Why cannot we be engaged and married in five years, ten years, when you will?"

She had not forgotten her answer. It came back to her with exemplified force and meaning now.

"Five years work many changes, Fritz, and I would not have you bound. But come to me then, and you know now what my answer will be."

Five years had worked changes. When they met at length and the sisters were starrng together, Kitty had changed. Hard work and anxiety had told their tale. Lillie had grown into the very model of what her sister was when he knew her. So strong was the likeness that at first sight he had mistaken her for his former love. Lillie had grown into Kitty, and Kitty was lost to him.

From this stage the situation naturally evolved itself to an inevitable climax. That climax had arrived. The sister for whose very life she had striven all these years had unconsciously robbed her of the man she loved. For her the blackness of the future held no gleam, yet there was no resentment within her. Her one prayer was that Lillie might never know.

Suddenly a woman's scream rose from the audience. Kitty was about to make her sensational dive from the very apex of the building to a trapeze many feet below. The frightened sound unnerved her at the critical moment. She dropped short of the bar by a couple of inches and landed in a heap in the net. Loud cries filled the circus, and at first she thought they were solely for her; but, scrambling to her feet, she discovered her mistake. A wild panic had seized the crowd—Vixen was loose.

Men trampled women and children underfoot in the mad rush for the exits. Knives came out and were freely used in slashing the canvas. Pandemonium reigned supreme.

More startled and alarmed than all, Vixen stood hesitating, quivering, while the mad uproar grew louder and louder, stifling the moans and protestations of the injured and the helpless. Then the beast lifted up its voice in one soul terrifying snarl of rage and exasperation. It redoubled the efforts of the mob to escape. Strong men struck weak women back, children went down and were wantonly hammered under heel.

"Down, Vixen, down!" The great cat

turned suddenly, and as she did so the heavy thong of the trainer bit into her beautiful skin. She shuddered and covered, but her fear was only momentary. Her old blood lust was upon her, and, growling viciously, she sprang at Fritz just as his arm was upraised to direct another blow at her.

The man dropped like a log, and the brute's teeth crunched into his right shoulder to the bone. Fritz reached with his left hand for his revolver, which he always carried, but only succeeded in disengaging it from his pocket. His nerveless fingers could not retain their grip, and he let the weapon fall.

All this had happened in a matter of seconds, yet already the vast amphitheater had emptied. High above the two girls had witnessed the rapidly changing scene with staring eyes and blanched faces. But the mishap to the trainer changed Kitty's fright into resolve. Running as fast as the net would allow, she reached the guide rope, swung herself over and shot like an arrow to the ground.

No thought of danger occurred to her. Her one aim was to reach the revolver and save the life of the man she loved.

Crack! Vixen responded with a terrifying growl of pain and suddenly dropped Fritz, whom she had raised in her jaws as a cat would a mouse. Crack! The first bullet had wounded her paw, the second lodged fairly in her chest. With one horrible heave she sprang upon her new enemy and bore her to the ground. Kitty felt the cruel claws in her breast and the beast's fangs in her head, and then—darkness.

"Dearest, it is I—Fritz. You saved me, and I—heaven help me—but"—

The words sounded very far off to Kitty, lying upon a couch in the proprietor's caravan. She opened her eyes.

"Forgive me!" he cried. "It seemed when I met your sister that it was Lillie I had always loved, but I know now and"—

She lifted her hand deprecatingly.

"It is best as it is, Fritz," she said. "Knowing all, I could not care to live, and Lillie—you will be happy with her. Promise me you will never tell her. It would break her heart."

He bent his head low to hers and spoke softly in her ear. The doctor,

discreetly keeping in the shadow, wondered what it might have been, for the patient's face lighted with a smile. Then the man's lips met hers.

"If I could only"—

"I am glad," she said faintly. "There was—no—other—way."

She sank back exhausted.

When the doctor looked again, he noticed that which made him hurriedly cross and take the girl's hand in his. He stood a moment thoughtfully, then he shook his head.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

#### Good as a Clock.

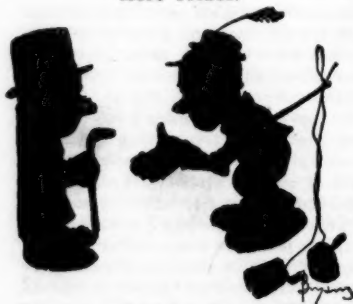


Father—Come, wake up, ma; it must be time to get up.

Mother—Why, pa?

Father—'Cause I've just got the baby to sleep!—Chicago News.

#### Mere Trifles.



"You won't buy anything but food with this penny, will you?"

"Nothin' cept maybe a automobile or some other trifle like dat."—New York Evening Journal.

## The Amateur Detective.

"Get up, Dodson. There's been a murder!"

"Murder! Where?" I asked, leaping out of bed.

"In the hall bedroom above. Here is the proof." And he held up a piece of carpet with a bright red spot on it.

"You speak in riddles!"

"I discovered the evidence when I came home last night. As a result of two hours' investigation I have ascertained that the man who lodged in the room above had an enemy. They met last night by appointment, and drank together. The man up stairs drank too much or was drugged and was brought home by his enemy. This was all planned by the murderer, whose object was revenge.

"They came to the house in a cab drawn by a gray horse. It will be easy to find the cab, as the horse was blind in one eye, and three of the cab wheels had old and worn tires, while the fourth was a new one. The driver waited, but when the murderer went down stairs he dismissed the cab and walked away.

"The lodger up stairs was assisted into the house by the man who killed him. The latter took the key from the pocket of his victim and unlocked both doors. The murdered man was killed before he had a chance to make an outcry, but his blood is on the hands of his slayer.

"The murderer is more than 6 feet tall, is broad shouldered, wears a No. 10 boot."

"Great heavens, Tomes, did you see the men when they came in and see the murderer go away?"

"Nothing of the kind. He had been gone more than an hour when I got home, so the murder must have been done between 1 and 2 o'clock."

"Then how do you know all you have told me?"

"Learned it all by a few careful observations. I discovered a red stain on the door of the lodger's room, showing that the murderer had blood on his

hand. He attempted to wipe it off on the carpet, and I cut out the spot for examination. The other facts I ascertained with the aid of a tape measure, and my general knowledge of the value of apparently unimportant details in such cases.

"In the first place, there was mud on the boots of the murderer, and he left footprints on the stoop and stairs. I measured those with a tape line and found that he wore a No. 10 boot. That means a man more than 6 feet tall, but, to confirm that, I measured his stride, which was 3 feet 4 inches.

"The points about the cab were easily ascertained. The street was not swept yesterday, and the imprint of the cab wheels was easy to trace. Three wheels made ruts in the dirt round at the edges, showing old and worn tires, while the off hind wheel left a square trace, indicating a new tire. On the lamppost I found a few short white horsehairs on one side. A gray horse had rubbed one side of his head on the post. Now a horse blind in one eye never rubs the blind side of his head against a post for fear of striking a projecting nail. As the hairs were all on one side of the post the horse must have been blind in one eye.

"I know that the murderer dismissed the cab when he went down stairs because it returned in the direction from which it came. If he had gone away in the vehicle, he would have ordered the driver to proceed in the opposite direction."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"My friends from the central office should be here very soon, and then we can get to work," said Tomes glancing at the clerk.

By this time the servants and the landlady were astrir. We heard a heavy step on the stairs going up past our door, and a few moments later the voice of the landlady rang out sharp and clear in a long drawn out yell, that sounded to my overstrained nerves like a scream of terror. Tomes smiled quietly. The cry of the woman was repeated, and, listening intently, I made out that she was calling, "Br-i-d-g-e-t!"

There was an answering shout from below, a rush of footsteps, and then the voice of the landlady broke out again.

"Bridget, whatever in the world stained this carpet? Here's all the



new arnish ruined and the brussels carpet spoiled entirely! Sure no lone widow ever had to stand such destruction!"

"Please, ma'am, it was Master Willie spilled the red ink! Sure and I couldn't help it!"

Forelock Tomes smiled.

"They'll know more very soon," he said in a quiet tone.

Just then the door was opened on the landing above, and a harsh voice cried out:

"See here, landlady! Bridget! Can't you let a fellow sleep! I'll get out of this! I'll give up my room!"

Forelock Tomes turned pale.

It was the voice of the lodger in the front hall bedroom above, and from far down the stairs came the answer of Bridget:

"Sure, sir, and it was Master Willie spilled the red ink!"

## The Magnet Rock.

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

"When I was prospecting in Colorado," said the stranger to a group around the hotel stove, "my partner and I started out from Denver with a burro load of provisions and tools and with our minds made up to find a fortune or let the burro die in the attempt. Well, we lost our bearings. I didn't know where we were, and my partner didn't, and as like as not the burro didn't, but we had heard plenty of stories about animal instinct and the cat coming back, so we concluded to leave it to the burro and see if he could pilot us to some point or other that we knew.

"There wasn't much to do but to give him his head, and he kept knocking along in the direction of somewhere to us unknown.

"One night he got loose and wandered off, leaving his load for us to carry or to cache where we were likely never to find it again. Then we went hunting for the burro instead of hunting for our way out of the wilds, and we divided up his load and took it along with us.

"The hunt had continued a week, when one morning we spied the burro about half a mile ahead of us, appar-

ently standing on a piece of rising ground, surveying the landscape.

"He saw us as we approached and whinnied and showed all sorts of signs of joy, but he didn't move a peg. When we got to within 50 feet of him, we noticed that the rising ground on which he stood was in reality a huge black stone standing up from the ground to about three feet at its highest point.

"As soon as we struck the stone, going to the burro, we found that it was all we could do to lift our feet up, and we hadn't gone more than three or four steps till we fairly stuck to the stone. We thought we were paralyzed at first and were scared half to death, but in my efforts to walk I pulled one of my feet out of its shoe, and when I put that foot down on the stone I found I could use it all right.

"Then we took off our shoes, my partner, who was considerable of a scientific man, suggesting that the stone must be magnetic and was acting on the steel pegs in our soles and heels. We knew the magnetic stone was holding the burro fast by the heavy, steel shoes he wore for mountain travel. He had tried to walk until his fore feet were so far from his hind feet that he was sway backed. He had evidently been a prisoner until he was half starved and famished, and we did not wonder that he was glad to see us.

"Of course the first thing for us to do was to get him off the stone, and we began by trying to pry him loose, but as fast as we got one foot free and tackled another one the magnet would pull the free one back again, and the best we could do was to get his fore feet nearer the hind ones and relieve the strain on his spinal column.

"We tried to roll him over on his back, but he couldn't lie down, and we had to give that up too. Then we determined to take off his shoes, and, going back after our ax, we started in with that, but the magnet dragged it out of our hands and held it so fast we broke the handle trying to get it loose. Stones were the only tools we could use, and after an hour's work with them we got the shoes off, and the burro was free. By zucks, gentlemen, the joy of that dumb animal when he found he could walk and had a chance to get at grass and water was enough to bring tears to eyes unused to weep."

The hack driver sniffed, but he apologized by saying he had a cold.

"We gave the burro a day to fill up and get some of his strength back," continued the stranger, "and, putting the pack once more on his back, we proceeded on our course, the burro making the best time I ever saw a burro make. We believed we had found something greater than a gold mine and intended to come back and develop our find.

"We had a long, hard trip still before us, but we got out at last and reached Denver in good shape, all things considered. Interesting some scientific and moneyed people in our discovery, we organized another party and went back to find the magnet, but its location escaped us, as is often the case with mines in that vast region, and, do what we could, we could not locate it."

The stranger stopped as if he had reached the end of his story.

"Why in thunder didn't you let the mule lead the party?" asked the hack driver in a state of suppressed excitement.

The stranger looked at him more in pity than in anger.

"Why didn't we?" he replied. "We did, but as soon as the burro was headed in that direction and got his bearings he turned tail and started east on a dead run, and we haven't seen him since. Have any of you seen a strange burro in this neighborhood? I'm here on my way to the Atlantic ocean looking for him."

"Well, I'll be derned!" remarked Sam Perkins, and everybody else was speechless.—St. Louis Republic.

## SAVED BY THE BELLS

Gerald Wykham was a struggler in literature. He had grown tired of hearing the postman come down the hallway with refusals of his productions and was convinced that luck was against him. Men must have a scapegoat, and when their energies fail of accomplishing some desired end, possibly through their own blindness or mismanagement, they attribute their failure to luck.

So Gerald sat and thought of his prospects, and it did not require much

effort to cover them all. He cast up his accounts mentally and balanced his assets against his liabilities. Of the latter, thank God, there were none to amount to anything, and of the former—well, the account balanced nicely. His watch was silver, and old at that. His lawbooks were not numerous, and old lawbooks are a drug on the market at any time. His furniture was rickety and cheap. So there was nothing to be gained in trying to sell that. He threw out his hands in a sort of deprecating appeal to the world as he sat there in the darkness. What was there to live for? There was nothing in life that he could see. He had no intimate friends—he had been too much wrapped up in his business to make them.

He had many pleasant acquaintances, but they are rarely friends. A friend is one who is willing to give something for nothing, and Gerald knew that there was none such among the men who greeted him pleasantly day after day. He had no family save a distant cousin or two, who would regard it as a blessing, perhaps, if he were out of the way. "Out of the way!" That phrase woke a train of thought in his mind. He dropped his head upon his hands and thought of getting rid of his miserable life. He sat there and heard nothing. The colored janitor shuffled down the hallway and closed the staircase window, grumbling the while about the weights being too heavy and the windows being likely to open themselves "jes' when they's a showah an mebbe a blizzard a-ragin."

But Gerald did not hear him. The room was growing darker and colder at the time, but the man's heart was so much darker and colder that he felt nothing. He was thoroughly discouraged, and when a man gets thoroughly discouraged; when, like this one, his funds and his prospects are all gone; when the streets, and the factories, and the newspapers, are all filled with forms and names begging for employment, and the discouraged man knows no trade or profession save the one which has failed, then comes the desire to sleep—to die—to end the futile struggle for existence anyhow, to stop thinking. It goes further than a discussion of the question, "Is life worth living?" and it becomes merely a bald statement, "Death were better!"

Gerald reached for the drawer in his desk, where his revolver, loaded with ball, lay close to his hand. It would be a quick way out of the difficulty—a momentary twinge of pain, then blessed oblivion.

The 6 o'clock bells were ringing, and the man rose with a bitter smile. The mocking bells rang on, merrily, merrily chasing the tones up and down the scale. He looked at the pistol, cocked it. Hark! There came in through that hall window, which must have opened itself again, the strains of "Coronation." The bells had ceased their mockery and were ringing out the old hymn tunes—the tunes his mother used to play on the old melodeon and sing to him. He stopped, and the pistol slowly fell by his side. Then the air changed, and the chimes rolled the grand strains of "Adeste Fideles"—

Oh, come, all ye faithful—

Was he faithful to himself? Was he faithful to his manhood?

Joyful and triumphant—

Was there nothing at all in life worth living for? Had he not advised a disconsolate friend to cheer up and make one more step out to better things? The pistol dropped from his hand on to the table, and the air played by the bells was now one of comfort—

—to the mercy seat,  
Fervently kneel.

Through the snow laden twilight the notes of the hymn sounded—

Here bring your wounded hearts,  
Here tell your anguish—

The memory of the little old church at home came back to him—the memory of his mother's death and how the hymn comforted his childish heart.

Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

There came a shuffle on the floor of the hallway, and the light of a lantern shone over the transom. A knock on the door; but the man within stood with his face buried in his hands and heeded it not. Then a letter was slipped through and fell with a soft tap on the bare and dirty floor.

The bells were silent as the man stepped forward, picked up the letter, and with a bitter smile read the stamp on the corner. He knew it so well! Another polite refusal, of a request to send postage. He tore it open. What! A thin piece of paper—"We should be glad to see more of your work." Ah!

The bells, the bells ring out and out—

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow—

Praise God! Nothing else would do.  
Praise God and bless the bells—the bells—

Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

The man fell on his knees as the bells ceased, and from that dingy room there went up a prayer—one of the rare prayers that are poured forth from a joyful heart and go straight to heaven. And the bells of St. Mark's had saved a soul.



Fond Parent—Goodness! How you look, child! You are soaked!

Frankie—Please, pa, I fell into the canal.

Fond Parent—What! With your new trousers on?

Frankie—I didn't have time, pa, to take 'em off!



Mrs. Hippo—Pa, quit telling those children stories and rock them to sleep at once!—Chicago News.

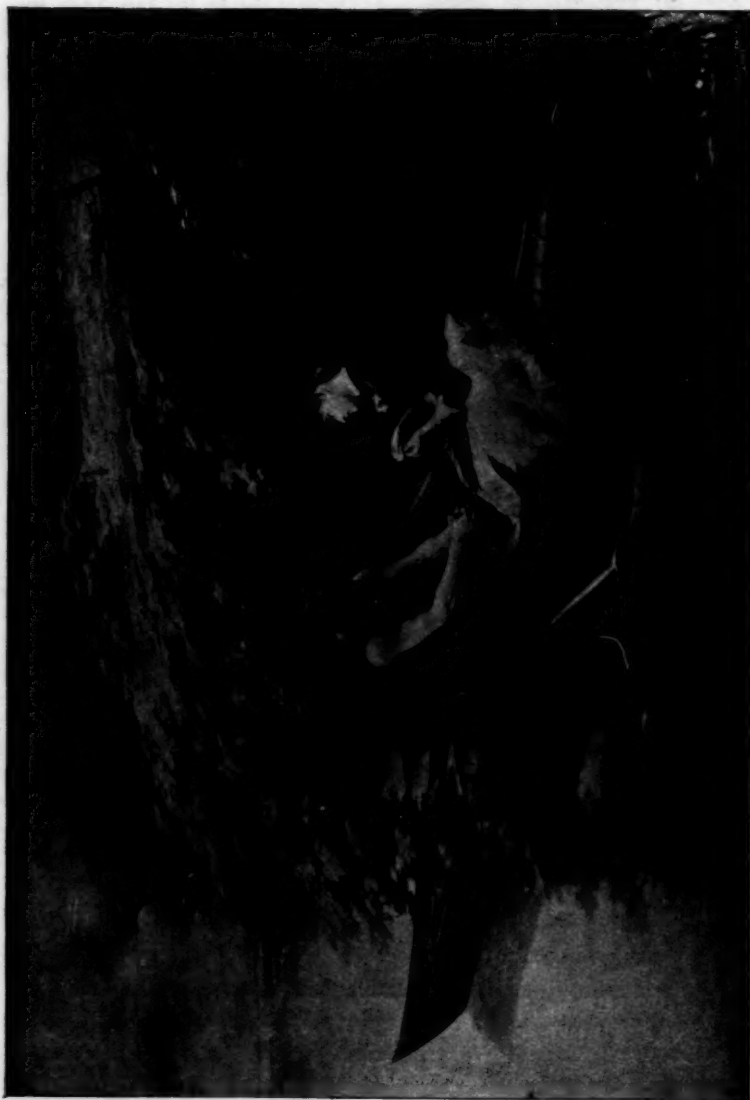


# ART DEPARTMENT.

JULY, 1901.



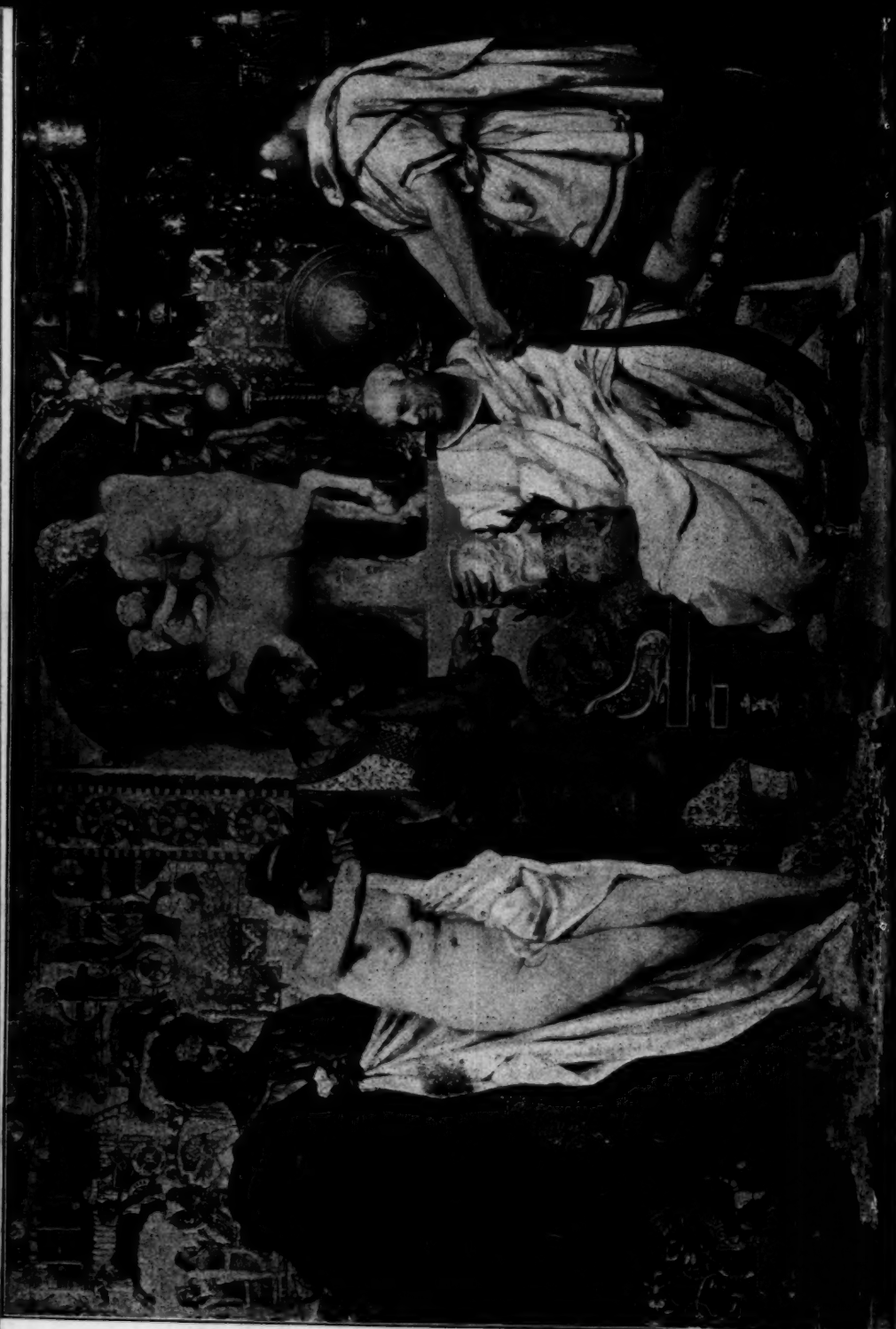
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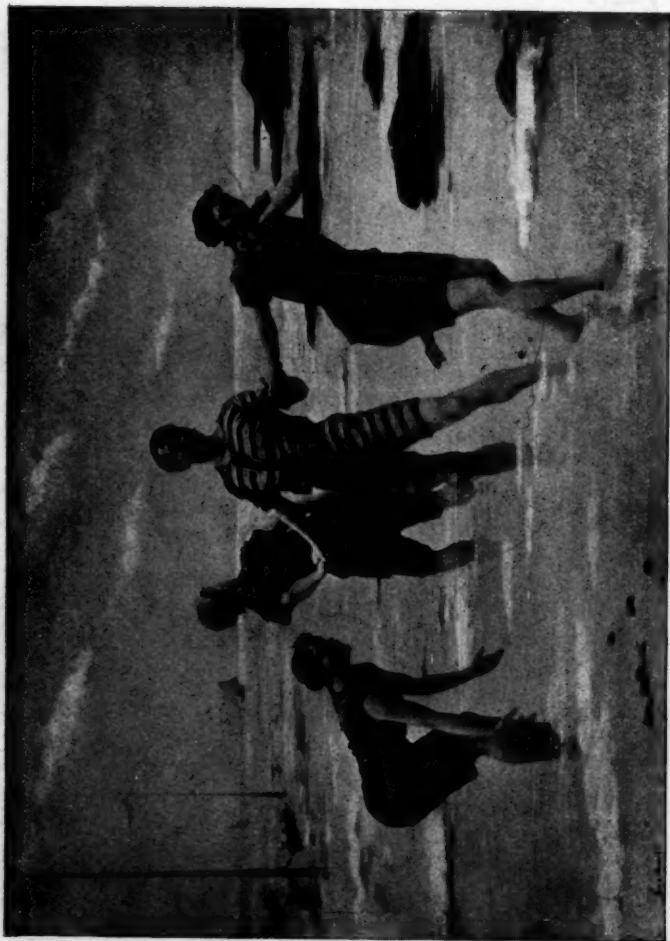
HEALTHFUL EXERCISE.





THE EVENING SONG.





THE BATHERS.

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**CHEWME.** No. 17,277. Registered May 28, 1901, 7:45 A. M., for Plug Tobacco. A. J. Town & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

**OLD CENTURY.** No. 17,278. Registered May 31, 1901, 7:45 A. M., for Cigars. Continental Mfg. & Specialty Co., Baltimore, Md.

**PORTO RICAN TIP.** No. 17,279. Registered June 1, 1901, 7:50 A. M., for Cigars and Stogies. Samuel Smith & Son, Allegheny, Pa.

**TAKE WITH YOUR LEFT—BUFFALO.** No. 17,280. Registered June 4, 1901, 7:50 A. M., for Cigars and Stogies. I. Robbins & Son, Pittsburg, Pa.

**SMOKEFROG.** No. 17,281. Registered June 17, 1901, 7:50 A. M., for Cigars. Henry Mayer & Sons, Galesburg, Ill.

**THE GOLD INDIAN.** No. 17,282. Registered June 21, 1901, 10:00 A. M., for Cigars. (Previously registered for Cigarettes only.) Robert Rigby, New York.

**TITLES REJECTED.**

Sensation, Goat, New Century, Alcedo, Cordova, Bully Smoke, High Ball, Old Crow, Red Rocks, Turkish Dreams, The Frog, La Meditator, Up-toyot, Sinecure, Lottery, Spotless Town, Nabob, Poem, Buffalo, Peter Cooper, Goo Goo Eyes, Statuette, Columbiana, Premo, First Pick, Cracksmen, Nirvana, Bruin, Niagara, Economist, New York Belle, Blue Eagle, Clipper, Mez, Union Workman, Erie, Dervish, Keystone, Gilt Edge, Gold Edge, Odoroma, 20th Century, General Demand, Happy Sam, Realgood, Iron Duke, Bull Frog, The Clown,

Gotham, Stella, Forget Me Not, Little Devil, Red Robin and Azra.

**Havana Cigars in Manila.**

**"I** AM enjoying once more a real good Havana smoke," remarked Justus Good, of Pittsburg, when in Washington lately. "I have had but half a dozen Havana cigars during the last two years, yet I am an inveterate smoker. The substitute which I accepted against my will was the Manila cigar, and you will wonder why I was obliged to take any substitute at all.

"I have just returned from a long stay in Manila. I was with the Pennsylvania boys who were over there, and was mustered out on the island because I thought I saw an opportunity to do myself some good there in a business way. I did, but that is apart from the story, which is about giving up Havana cigars, and smoking Manilas instead. The boys of the regiment had an ample supply of good Havanas with them, and they were brands that we all enjoyed at home. When we had been in Manila several days we began to complain about the quality of the cigars. I found that where I could smoke a dozen of them a day at home, I could not smoke two at Manila without becoming sick, and I discovered, on enquiry, that all the other boys were similarly affected. I thought that the climate was to blame, but one day I happened to try a Manila cigar. It was delicious and I suffered no ill effects. I then smoked two in succession, and found them both fine. Then I smoked all I wanted, keeping a cheroot between my lips all day, enjoying every whiff. But the moment I went back to the Havana the old trouble showed itself.

"Now that I am back in a civilized land again I can smoke all the Havanas I want. What I should like to know now is the reason for the strange effect of the Havana upon me in Manila. That is a good nut for the doctors to crack."

## Tobacco In Literature.

A STOUT quarto volume was published a few years ago devoted exclusively to a bibliography of tobacco. Since then the literature relating to the weed has been very much extended. Poets in particular have professed to find felicitous inspiration in pipe, cigar and cigarette. Lyrics in praise of smoking abound and columns of quotations might be made from poems advocating the habit. Yet the use of tobacco generally in Europe and America may be said to have grown with the nineteenth century. References in the Elizabethan plays and even down till the end of the first quarter of the seventeenth century indicate that the use of tobacco was in those days regarded as a novelty of a somewhat outlandish kind. Sir Walter Raleigh's instrumentality in bringing the Indian weed to England is well known. That courtiers experimented with its use during the reign of Elizabeth is unquestionable, but after the famous "Counterblast" of James I. it is not likely that any one coming into contact with the king would have dared to incur the royal displeasure by advertising the fact that he was a smoker.

Ben Jonson, writing in 1598, made one of his characters in "Every Man in His Humor" wonder "what pleasure or felicity they have in taking their roguish tobacco. It is good for nothing but to choke a man and fill him full of smoke and embers." George Chapman, writing in 1606, causes one of his characters, "Monsieur D'Olive," to relate how he defended the virtues of tobacco, "that excellent plant, that little strip of nature wherein her whole workmanship is abridged," against the attacks of a little Puritanical weaver, who "said it was a pagan plant, a profane weed and a most sinful smoke." D'Olive in his defense of the weed contended that "besides the excellent edge it gives a man's wit, what variety of discourse it gets—what sparks of wit it yields; it is a world to have."

Tobacco won its way, used principally in pipes, or in the form of snuff. Polite literature demonstrates that the snuffbox was an essential part of the equipment of a man of fashion throughout the eighteenth century. Cowper, in his poem, "Conversation," shows that he abhorred the pipe, and he made the strongest possible argument against the use of tobacco in the following lines:

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,

Unfriendly to society's chief joys,

Thy worst effect in banishing for hours

The sex whose presence civilizes ours.

The poets, novelists and essayists of the nineteenth century prove the well-nigh universal use of tobacco by their friendly attitude toward it. Cigars and cigarettes make their first appearance in English literature. Thus we have Byron's well-remembered eulogy of the cigar in his poem "The Island": Sublime tobacco! which from east to west

Cheers the tar's labor or the Turk-man's rest;

Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides

His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;

Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,

Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe  
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;

Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;

Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar!

Charles Lamb was not less enthusiastic in his praise of the "Plant divine, of rarest virtue," although he was constrained to write his farewell to the nicotian weed rather than die for it. Later we have Bulwer-Lytton introducing in several of his novels glowing encomiums on the virtues of tobacco.

co. He thought that "the man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan!" In "What Will He Do With It?" we find the hyperbolist balancing woman in the scale against tobacco, and advising the chief of the gods on high Olympus thus: "And if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter, try the weed." For it is this author's opinion that "He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven." It is useless to multiply the possible quotations from nineteenth century fiction. Indeed, we might go back to the father of the modern novel and discover that Fielding shows Parson Adams and his pipe to have been inseparable, and Sterne imparted a similar characteristic to My Uncle Toby.

Indeed, pipe, cigar and cigarette have become one of the stock properties of every novelist. Just as there cannot possibly be a small group of men without its including a proportion of smokers, so fiction is obliged to take cognizance of the contemporary social fact. On the stage, too, particularly in the past fifteen years, the dramatists have more or less recourse to various forms of smoking as an indication of character. Only the villain used to smoke a cigarette. Then the adventuress began to indulge in the same pernicious vice. But now the smokers of cigarettes on the stage belong indiscriminately to either sex without their being necessarily villains or adventuresses, though the ladies who are shown enjoying their cigarettes are usually a trifle "fast" in the social sense. References to tobacco in current literature are, therefore, not to be construed as expressing the personal opinion of the writers. As late as fifty years ago the case was probably different. Tennyson, one of the greatest of smokers, has made no direct reference to the habit in his voluminous poetical works. On the other hand, poor Tom Hood, whose purse and health did not

permit of his enjoying many luxuries, has sung the lyric praises of a good cigar.

Carlyle probably drew infinite solace from his Scotch clay pipe and he welcomed the use of tobacco on the characteristic ground that it was an incentive to silence and an inducement to a man "not to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say." Thackeray was of exactly the same opinion and observed that "the pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher and shuts up the mouth of the foolish." Charles Lamb might be quoted on the other hand as of the contrary opinion. He toiled after his prodigious power of smoking "as some men toil after virtue," and took tobacco to cure his stammering: "Marry—as the friendly vapor ascended, how his (Elia's) prattle would curl up sometimes with it! The ligaments which tongue-tied him were loosened and the stammerer proceeded statish!" So it is that doctors will differ.

Consistency in anything is hard to discover, and the advocate of tobacco can go back again to Ben Jonson and find the hero of "Every Man in His Humor" declaring "I have been in the Indies where this herb grows, where neither myself nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one and twenty weeks but the fume of this simple only. Therefore, it cannot be but 'tis most divine." One is reminded of the Spanish proverb that a paper cigarette, a glass of fresh water and the kiss of a pretty girl will sustain a man a day without eating. Bacon, Locke and Burton, the anatomist of melancholy, are three of the old English philosophers who admit the stimulating power of tobacco. We may conclude with the eulogy written by Charles Kingsley, theologian, philosopher, poet and novelist, who in "Westward Ho!" said: "When all things were made, none was made better than this, to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad

man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, a chilly man's fire."

### Miscellaneous Musings.

**O**VER 2,000,000 acres are under tobacco cultivation throughout the world, producing 850,000 tons annually. The United States from the cultivation of 700,000 acres, produces 500,000,000 pounds yearly.

—That accomplished orator, Minister Wu, must have given some of the "antis" a headache—in his late eulogy on General Grant. This is his idea of the deadly weed: "What an important part the fragrant Havana plays in the world of affairs! Imagine what a clear head it gave the great soldier in planning his campaigns, and in ordering his victories, and what a mental calm and equi-pose it enabled him to maintain in the confusion and excitement of battle." The great generals of modern times who have not smoked have used snuff. Napoleon, Marlborough and Wellington all had the habit. If some enterprising cigarman could only have had the eloquent Chinaman mention his particular brand.

—McSherrystown (Pa.) is losing its greatest industry. G. L. Johns has leased a big factory at Lancaster, and will move his entire manufacturing business there. Labor troubles are reported as the cause.

—There is something almost pathetic in the way old traditions are falling down. Women have rudely taken down prejudice fences, and walked into almost every good field in which her brother formerly held undisputed possession. And now she is selling cigars—selling them in first-class shops on Broadway, so that there is no longer a monopoly even here. She is invariably good looking, and she sells better goods than her male competitor for the reason that the purchaser does not care to buy a fiver from her. She is a novelty, and she costs no more. She will own the shop next—as she does in Boston—and smoke her

own brands. Such is progression if not civilization.

—Gonzales, Mora & Co., who do an immense cigar business in Chicago and already have a factory at Tampa turning out millions a month, are about to start another factory at Pensacola, which will be a valuable acquisition to that city's industries. Geo. L. Storm & Co. are the New York agents and distributors for this firm.

—And now they are after the middleman. The trust proposes establishing warehouses near the tobacco farms in Connecticut, and so deal with the farmers direct, thus cutting out the jobbers.

—On the 1st the tax on tobacco was reduced 20 per cent. Tobacco manufacturers, however, have issued a circular stating that they will only reduce the price of tobacco 1c. a pound. As a consequence, tobacco dealers laid in immense stocks with a view to obtaining the Government rebate of nearly 2½c. a pound, allowed on all tobacco in stock on the first of July.

—Italy is a growing market for American tobacco. Italy in America is not too bad a market for the same article.

—Just how a company with a capital of \$30,000,000 is able to swallow two others whose combined capital is about \$100,000,000 appears somewhat puzzling to the uninitiated. But it is as easy as swapping horses or jack-knives, and much safer—for some. The Consolidated, the new company, issues bonds payable after most of us are dead, and these are exchanged for the common stock of the American and Continental companies. The bonds are equivalent to a guarantee of 8 per cent. and 4 per cent. respectively on the common stock. It looks like a big hold on the present, and a bigger mortgage on the future. Any common stockholder of the Continental who is not satisfied would seem to prefer doughnuts to dollars.

—Ben. S. Jarett & Co., of Los Angeles, Cal., is one of the largest dealers in clear Havana cigars on the coast.



The firm does its own importing, and business with them is rapidly increasing.

—John J. Roth, Reading, Pa., is doing an increased business and follows it up by putting on additional hands. His Cake Walk cigar leads, with El Libera, a Cuban hand-made smoke, a close second.

—I. Hoenig, of 125 Superior St., Cleveland, O., has admitted his son as a partner in the business. The firm has an established reputation as manufacturers of fine Havana cigars.

—Japan needs money. She proposes a duty of 150 per cent. on cigars and tobacco after October 1st. This is a quiet raise of 50 per cent.

—An enormous increase of business is quoted by Upmann & Wilcox, manufacturers of high-grade cigars, 53 Wabash Ave., Chicago. The increase is reported both in city and country trade.

—In spite of the war in China last year, imports of cigars and cigarettes showed a big increase and are double those of two years ago. Agents of tobacco concerns are advertising extensively in the Chinese language, and otherwise pushing their goods along the lines best adapted to catch John Chinaman's trade.

—Los Angeles (Cal.) wants home-made, hand-made and white labor cigars, and will have them. A company to manufacture such goods has been organized under the name of Baer Cigar Mfg. Co., which will be located at 151 N. Los Angeles St.

—Time was when Havana was "it" in the fine cigar business, but the old city has been far outstripped by Tampa, Fla. The present year shows an increase of 10,000,000 in manufactured cigars over last. New factories are growing up, and the city is in every respect rapidly completing or commencing such public works as will keep pace with its growing importance as a manufacturing centre.

—The old game of putting cheap cigars or inferior grades of cigars in boxes bearing the name of first-class

brands is being worked largely in Burlington, Ia. It is about the lowest down game imaginable, irrespective of the violation of the revenue law. For the smuggler there is apt to be a lenient wink—the Government alone suffers, but this sneak business hurt's a man's reputation in a manner for which he has no redress.

—M. Stachelburg & Co. have been doing a very heavy season's business, orders for La Fama Universal, perhaps the most celebrated of the high-grade cigars manufactured by this firm, being particularly good. The



opening of the fashionable summer resorts creates a special market for select stocks of cigars, and this branch of the trade has for years been enjoyed to a very large extent by this firm.

—It is estimated that 65,000,000 stogies are manufactured every year in Wheeling, W. Va. They have made the city the great center of this branch of the tobacco industry.

—Late incorporations in the cigar world are as follows: The Ruy Lopez Co., New York, \$50,000; The Bedell Leaf Tob. Co., New York, \$10,000; The Henry E. Minden Co., New York, \$5,000; The Ohio Cigar Co., Dayton, O., \$5,000; Imperial Tob. Co., Jersey City, N. J., \$2,000; J. W. Evenden Co., Buffalo, N. Y., \$50,000; Standard Imperial Co., New York, \$20,000;

C. A. Gregory Tob. Co., Florence, S. C., \$5,000; Martinez, Ybor Sons Co., Tampa, Fla., \$100,000; The Horwitz Cigar Co., Bath, Md., \$40,000; Key West Cigar Co., New York, \$25,000; Robert L. Fee Co., Detroit, Mich., \$5,000; Brasnell Tob. Co., Rocky Mount, N. C., \$30,000; Central Cigar Mfg. Co., Jersey City, N. J., \$30,000; Baer Cigar Mfg. Co., Los Angeles, Cal., \$50,000; H. Sultzer Co., Kansas City, Mo., \$21,000; Newman Bros. Co., New York, \$25,000; Kaffir Cigar Co., Newark, N. J., \$10,000; and the Tobacco Plantation Co., Dover, Del., \$2,100,000—to do business in Mexico and U. S.

—One of the oldest and strongest of the large western tobacco houses is that of Louis Kuttbauer Co., 53 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., who do an extensive business throughout the country. L. Kuttbauer is president, Isidor Kuttbauer vice-president and Adolph Kuttbauer secretary and treasurer.

—Some brilliant advertising—electric and otherwise—is being done by Geo. L. Storm & Co. in pushing the Robert Burns cigar, both in this city and elsewhere. A late display at Broadway and 34th St. was especially attractive. Jos. Bucher, manager of their advertising, is somewhat of a genius in his line, and seems to be the exact man for the phenomenally growing business of this hustling concern.

—Only one of the stogie manufacturers of Wheeling and Pittsburg will reduce the price of stogies upon the inauguration of the government tax reduction on July 1st. The tax reduction will amount to 60c. a thousand, and this manufacturer proposes reducing the price 50c. a thousand.

—That marvel of versatility Louis Hammerstein is again in an inventive mood, and promises a patent for next February, which will create a new department in the tobacco business. The device is to cut cigar wrappers by air suction, and store them in coils of 1,000 each.

—Carbano & Hendrix, both well-

known citizens of Herkimer, N. Y., have opened a cigar manufacturing establishment at that place. The "Hub" and "Shiner" are two of their leaders.

—In Japan, leaf tobacco must be purchased exclusively from the government, and pay a duty besides. About 100,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco are grown yearly, nearly all in the southern part of the kingdom. The Japanese government has a monopoly of the tobacco business. No wonder it is called the "flowery" country. Things may be different in a year or so! The American Co. is settled down there.

—R. R. McDowell & Co. have a commanding position on Kinsman St. and Wabash Ave., Cleveland, O., and carry on a big tobacco manufacturing business under the name of the Model Cigar Factory. As makers of fine cigars they have an excellent reputation and a largely increasing business.

—Honduras has a remote sound, but it is about making a bid for a share of the tobacco trade of the U. S. The country is larger than the state of Texas. They claim to be able to place their highest grade cigar on this market for \$60 a thousand, while for 1c. each, another brand can be laid down here equal to our regular 10c. article. There should be a big field for this sort of a business, but we'll wait developments.

—The District Court in Iowa has held that the anti-cigarette law is constitutional. An appeal was taken.

—The United States exported 122,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco to the United Kingdom in 1900. Johnny Bull is a good customer.

—A shipment of Canadian tobacco, under government supervision, is being made to Belgium, with a view to opening a market in that Kingdom for this product of the Dominion.

—E. Goldberg has been 33 years in Kalamazoo, Mich., and claims to be the oldest manufacturer of cigars in that city. He has had a uniformly

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successful business career and his Little Beauties and Belle brands are widely known.

—Government experiments are now on foot looking to the production in this country of Sumatra and Havana tobacco, that the trade may be independent of Sumatra and Cuba. The imports from these countries are worth in the neighborhood of \$12,000,000 annually. American Sumatra tobacco took the gold medal at the Paris Exposition, which shows that the experiments are highly successful.

## Retailers' Review.

**W**M. EBERBACH, the cigarman of 512 Main St., Jackson, Mich., has a card which is particularly attractive, and leads to a sure sale after it is read. The Sterling and White Rose cigars are his leaders.

—B. J. Reynolds does a big business in cigars and tobacco at Grand Rapids, Mich. Mr. Reynolds is state distributor for the La Azora cigars, for which there is a steady demand.

—Philip Kaplansky, for three years with J. & B. Moos, has opened a new and elegant store at 163 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. He handles all the popular brands and at such prices as guarantee a continuation of a most successful business.

—Chas. S. Rosenberg, 320 W. 8th St., New York, has made an assignment, with liabilities of about \$14,000, with assets of about \$5,000 (including cash \$13). He has been in the tobacco business for about ten years.

—A. J. Wallace has opened a cigar and tobacco business at Camden, N. J.

—B. Minkow has purchased the cigar store at 4219 Third Ave., New York, from S. Prowler. Mr. Minkow has made a number of desirable improvements in his store, and is doing a very satisfactory business.

—E. Altknecht & Son, located at 416 Superior St., Cleveland, O., are conducting "The Superior" in a superior way. They handle some of the finest grades of cigars.

—Colonel E. E. Johnson has opened an extremely well fitted up cigar store at New Milford, Conn. A very choice



J. EDWARD COWLES, Manager Cigar Department.

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and you will find a sign posted on it, proclaiming the mighty truth that 'SWEET VIOLET Cigars are **GOOD** Cigars.' You don't have to go there to discover the fact, you can buy them anywhere. They are some times sold for ten cents, but don't pay it. They are worth the money all right and there is no "give away" trade mark branded on the cigar. A gentleman can smoke them with his head in the air, coat open and chest thrown out. Buy it and you've made a good investment; hand one to your neighbor, and you've made a friend. Smoke it and you're in love with the best five cent cigar on earth. If you are a dealer, sell it and experience the satisfaction of seeing your customer come back for more.

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line of smokers' materials have been put in stock, and good business is practically guaranteed. E. M. Barker, a well-known cigarman, has been placed in charge.

—C. E. Thornberg, Sioux City, Ia., has opened a beautifully fitted cigar and tobacco store at 413 Front St. He is in line for good business.

—The Retail Cigar Dealers' Association of New York is protesting strenuously against the practice of giving away as premiums smokers' articles by manufacturers. At a meeting held very recently, resolutions were drawn up, and copies ordered to be forwarded to the manufacturers who offer premiums, together with an explanatory letter.

—The U. S. Cigar Stores Co., lately organized, has taken over several retail cigar stores in New York, including a number controlled by Louis Biel on Third Ave. This is one of the first moves the company has made.

—Sometimes it will come quick, and that is the story of the cigar business opened by A. Platek & Co., at 62 Fulton St., New York, hardly two months ago, and already in a highly prosperous state. The store is a very attractive one, with handsome fixtures and glass mirrors, and a metal cigar Indian costing \$150. Captain Delatuhur is a high-grade breaker, and a low price maker, and is meeting with a quick sale and one that comes again. It is the firm's favorite.

—S. J. Campbell and R. G. Elworthy, proprietors of the Grenoble Hotel cigar stand, since taking charge of the place, have put their stand among the leading places in New York.

—A. B. Courtney, a pushing cigar dealer in Lynn, Mass., was lately burned out. The loss was fully covered by insurance, and business will be opened up again in larger and better quarters.

—A. C. Collins, one of the best known retail cigarmen of Chicago, has sold his business at 123 La Salle St. to George B. Samuel, who will conduct it under the name of Samuel & Sons. This firm are already well-known in the cigar trade, their last purchase giving them four large retail stores in

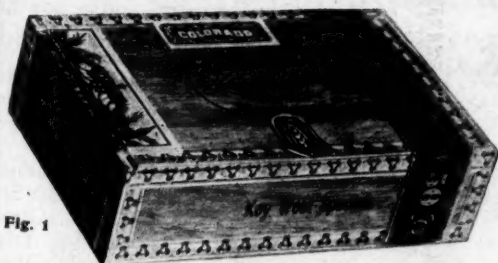


Fig. 1

SHOWS OPENER AND REST AS IT LEAVES THE CIGAR MANUFACTURER

**The Orior Box Opener and Lid Rest is the only device of its kind on the market.**

It Pulls the Nail  
It Cuts the Stamp  
It Supports the Lid  
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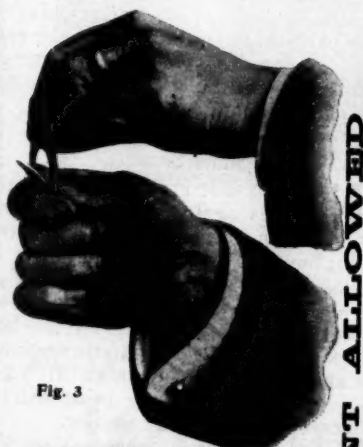


Fig. 3

SHAPING OPENER TO MAKE LID REST



Fig. 2

LIFTING UP OPENER AND REST TO DRAW NAIL

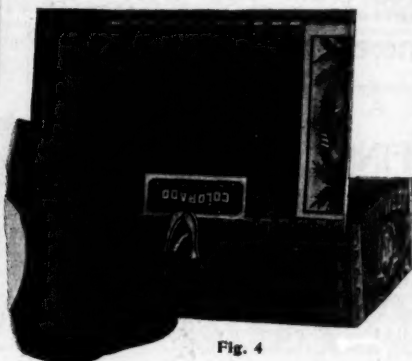


Fig. 4

INSERTING POINT OF LID REST IN BOX



Fig. 5

LID REST IN POSITION SUPPORTING LID.

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Magazine Co., Building,  
New York**

2c. STAMPS ACCEPTED.

Chicago. The head of the firm has had many years' experience, both in England and America, and he now has the assistance of his sons, all three of whom are sterling business men. Mr. Collins, it is believed, has in view another stand, where he will continue the success so thoroughly attained at his old stand.

—Under the name of the Madison Cigar Co., B. W. Frankel, of the firm of Frankel Bros., and M. L. Ottensoser have opened an elegantly fitted up and choicely stocked establishment at 1167 Madison Ave., New York. For the benefit of those who are fanciers of the finer arts of smoking, a smoking parlor is attached to the rear of the shop, which is luxurious enough for a civilized Sultan. The public has already caught on.

**Short Smokes.**

**N**INETY-EIGHT per cent. of the slaves of Zanzibar prefer to remain slaves. In this country, the slaves to smoke average about as high.

—An anti-cigarette league in Chicago is offering a prize for the best essay on the evils of cigarette smoking. Candidates must be under 21 years of age. Probably the prize will be secured by a cigarette smoker.

—In Corea green tobacco is smoked almost entirely. The pipes used have a stem two or three feet long. When the smoker has finished, he simply swings his pipe over his shoulder, and down his neck. If the bowl is hot, he gets it in the neck.

—Providence is making a big effort to stop the sale of cigarettes. If they can't succeed there, where in—R. I. is success likely?

—Precocious child tobacco smokers, and intelligent horses, which enjoy an evening smoke are said to be common; dogs which growl if they don't get their regular allowance, and billy-goats which do artistic smoking whenever they can pinch a cigarette are everyday talk. The latest addition to the great ranks of smokers is the rabbit. One is reported from Dover, Del., which gets on its ear unless a plug is provided every morning.

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**The Smoker's Magazine Co.,**  
Times Building, New York.

**Red Register  
Bureau.**

—One of the big tobacco companies lately contributed to the Confederate veterans at their Memphis reunion, 22,000 pounds of smoking tobacco, 10,000 pipes and 10,000 boxes of matches (with their name on the boxes, presumably), while another company forwarded a contribution of 14,000 rations of chewing tobacco.

—Years ago an old man died in Westfield, Mass., and left a sort of annuity fund for youths who refrained from using tobacco until 21 years of age. A young man of that place has just qualified, and will get the \$10 reward for his virtue. The ground swell will be a little heavier while learning to smoke at 21, but then \$10 will be that much recompense.

—Convicts won a tobacco victory in Iowa the other day, and the State will now provide the penitentiary with tobacco. The fetching argument was made by a convict, who based it on "justice" and declared the punishment of him who is deprived of tobacco was much greater than that of the man who had always been a total abstainer. The board ordered tobacco.

—The Southern Tobacconist reports that rats have taken to the weed in that office—which shows how far influence will extend. Rats.

—The latest reliable statistics give the wealth of Porto Rico as \$100,000,000. The assessed value of real estate is \$30,000,000—mortgaged for about 60 per cent. It would be a morning transaction for one of our multi-millionaires to buy up the island as a small private tobacco investment.

—A Nebraska paper says that the musical cigarette box is the latest thing out. Every time you open the box and take a cigarette out it plays in solemn strain, "Nearer My God To Thee."

—Columbia got \$100,000 the other day for the founding of a chair for Chinese languages and literature. The modest benefactor declined to give his name, but accompanied the gift with a letter stating that he had refrained from using tobacco and whiskey for 50 years, and the amount represented the interest on his savings. Great possibilities in drinks and smokes are sug-



# P. Pohalski & Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF



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At KEY WEST, FLA.

NEW YORK OFFICE: 203 West Broadway.

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less than job-  
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Our Prices are  
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AND SELL FOR CASH ONLY.

We import our own Havana Tobaccos.

We sell to Dealers and Consumers Only.

We save you Middlemen's Profits.

Perfection in the art of Cigarmaking is one of American achievements, of which we may be proud, and the FAMOUS EL LIBERA CIGARS easily rank at the head of all American Tobacco products.

In making this cigar for its offered sale, we recognize that the best Cigars in world those made in Havana are strictly HAND MADE with the best of Vuelta Abajo Tobacco, and we follow that principle exactly in this Cigar. The EL LIBERA is CUBAN HAND MADE, carefully blended with the finest of old Vuelta Abajo, Long Havana Filler's and rolled with the finest quality of Sumatra Wrapper, to give you the desired benefit, of the fine delicate AROMA of the Mother of all Havana Tobaccos, the Vuelta Abajo, and which suits the tastes of Americas most exacting smokers.

If you want a perfect smoke that can be indulged in freely without the slightest danger of injury to health the EL LIBERA, is the Cigar you are looking for, if you do not find them at your dealers, we will send you, by express, in any amounts, C. O. D. or cash with order at below quoted prices, it will be worth your while to give this perfect Cigar a trial, you will be pleased with the Handsome package and Fine Cigars, all boxes bear the Genuine Union Label which assures you that they are made by expert workmen and clean surroundings. The EL LIBERA CIGAR, is made in the following leading sizes, packed 50 in a box

	INCHES LONG.	PER 100.	PER M
Bagnets,	3%	\$4.50	\$40.00
Fancy Tales,	4%	4.75	42.00
Magnificos,	4%	5.00	45.00
Favoritas,	4%	5.00	45.00
Perfecto Grande,	4%	5.25	47.00
Select Gems,	4%	5.50	48.00
Bismarks,	5	6.00	55.00
Napoleons,	5	6.00	55.00
Ambassadors,	5	6.00	55.00
Longfellows,	5%	8.00	72.00

## JOHN J. ROTH

MANUFACTURER OF

### FINE HAVANA CIGARS,

750-752 Penn St., READING, PA.

gested by this sum. It becomes a nice question whether the propagation of the Chinese language is going to make up for what the old gentleman lost in 50 years. He may change his mind.

—And now a German is said to have discovered a process whereby nicotine may be removed from tobacco, and smoking be made a perfectly "harmless" amusement. If so, we may hear less of ladies smoking.

—The Chicago cigar manufacturers are again protesting against the sale of penitentiary made goods. Under different names these are sold, and the smoker has no thought of shaved heads, and a particular cut of clothes. It is one of the things to be grateful for that we don't know where a good many things which we eat and wear are made, or under what conditions.

—A tobacco and general store in Marion, O., is conducted along the lines laid down by C. M. Sheldon, in that famous book "In His Steps." The customers help themselves and pay according to conscience. It's a good enough ad to cover any lapses of those who in taking a cigar might not on the above principle literally follow the teachings of the book.

—Politeness sometimes comes high. A sea captain lately arrived from Manila offered the registry clerk at the customs office a few choice Manilas if he cared to send down to the ship for them. The clerk happened to mention the matter to the Deputy Collector, who proceeded to put the machinery in motion, and when Captain Polite returned to the ship, the mate informed him that a customs officer had just confiscated his entire lot of 2,000 cigars.

—The latest fad among Chicago's swell set for parlor decorations is opium pipes, which when highly polished and bedecked with ribbons make a unique wall ornament. Only those that are confiscated by the police in raids in opium dens have any value for the purpose of ornamentation, because then the pipe has a history.

—A congressman from Minnesota has had a brand of cigars named for him. Now he thinks he is eligible for the Hall of Fame.

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*Wants, For Sale, Exchange Advs., Special Notices, etc., will be inserted under this head for one cent a word for 15 words or more, cash with order; stamps accepted. Answers may be sent care of this office and will be forwarded when desired.*

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WANT experienced Cigar Salesman who controls New York trade to handle superior clear Havana goods. Unusual opportunity for good man. Address confidentially, "TRUSTWORTHY," care of this magazine.

WANTED—SALESMAN traveling outside of New York to carry side line of cigars. Man representing pipe house preferred. Quick sellers and liberal arrangement. "GOOD OPENING," care of this magazine.

FOR SALE, 25 Illustrated advertisements, suitable for retail cigar business, only used once. Geo. Ogg, Canandaigua, N. Y.

WANTED POSITION—With manufacturing concern who make window displays, or other advertising, by a thoroughly experienced Window Trimmer. Specialty, Cigars, Tobaccos and Smokers' Articles. Can furnish good reference. Address C. LEWKOWITZ, care W. F. Stoecker Cigar Co., 1404 Douglas street, Omaha, Neb.

CHOICE DEER ROOM or OFFICE to let in prominent building; telephone and every convenience. Price low. Address "OPPORTUNITY," this office.

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## For Sale or To Rent In the Adirondacks.

ON RAINBOW LAKE, a furnished six-room cottage having all modern improvements, such as Bath Room, Sanitary Plumbing, Electric Bells and lighted with Acetylene Gas throughout; together with Garden, Stable, Carriage House, Ice Storage, Boat House and Boat, and six acres of land, having 500 feet water front.

Rainbow Lake is 2,000 feet above sea level in the heart of the Adirondacks, near Paul Smith's, on the New York Central Railroad. The location is unsurpassed for recreation, rest and health, trout fishing, deer hunting, etc. Pure air—no humidity.

Also choice camp and cottage sites for sale, and one hunter's camp to rent. For particulars call or address R. J. Donovan, 149 Broadway, New York, or Charles A. Wardner, Rainbow, N. Y.

# Register Your Brands

## A Disciple of Blackstone.

A CERTAIN East Side lawyer not unknown to fame has an extensive library in his office which has often been the subject of facetious comment, but those who ridiculed evidently were not aware that from a business point of view the library in question performed an important service in the law office. It consists almost entirely of ancient and musty reports of the proceedings of the Board of Aldermen, Fish and Game Commissioners legislative committees, and old Trow directories.

The lawyer's clients for the most part are unable to read English and upon entering his office are much impressed by the array of books.

The following occurrence witnessed in the office a few days ago by writer in the New York Sun will serve to illustrate the use to which the books are put. A long-whiskered man entered and said to the lawyer, "I van't ter sue Chacob Cohen."

"For vy?" said the lawyer, adjusting his glasses.

"He strug me py der headt mit a club. Ach, mein Gott, I vas deadt for tree days. Den he tells efferybody dot I vas a regular Jew traider because I eat bork chobs."

"Ha, ha, slander undt assauldt! A peautiful gas! I vonce hadt a gas chust liag id undt I god two tousand tollar damages," said the lawyer. "Vait undt I vill show you."

Turning to the office boy and pointing to the shelves the lawyer said: "Davey, pring me down here fordy-four New Yor-rik."

The boy laid one of the old directories on the desk and the lawyer, opening it, said to the client, "There, there is der gas, chust liag yours. Chust read dot. Read id, read id, see for yourself."

The client, who could not read, gazed blankly at the directory and shook his head, but he was thoroughly impressed, however.

"Gif me von hundredt tollar retain-er. Dot's vot I got from der udder man."

"Von hundredt tollars! Ach, mein



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reached in a few hours on through express  
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We want a hustling representative for **THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE** in your city, and have a magnificent proposition for you that will increase your regular income largely.

It is easy work and profitable employment, and will take but little of your spare time. If you are in the trade it will prove an especially attractive side line for you; while if you cannot take it up, please show this to some bright young man and have him write us at once for particulars and liberal terms.

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Is a mixed Havana and Sumatra wrapper 5c. cigar at \$25 per M to the trade.

It is better than the high price 5c. cigars that you help to advertise.

Call and get a sample box of 50 cigars for \$1.25, and you will be convinced of their value and duplicate your order.

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Manufacturers of High Grade Cigars,  
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IT SATISFIES SMOKERS.

## EL UNITO, 5c. CIGAR.

Combination Filler—Sumatra Wrapper.

\$30 per M. Everyone says it's worth more. Please write for samples to-day.

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Wholesale and Retail.

202-204 Pearl Street, and 113 Maiden Lane,  
NEW YORK.

TELEPHONE 3361A JOHN.

Gott, vat a lod of money," said the client.

"Is id vort von hundredt tollars ter ged two thousand?" asked the lawyer.

"I vill gife you fifty now undt der udder fifty ven I ged der two thousand," said the client.

"Gif me der money," said the lawyer and it was forthcoming. "I vill notify you ven I shall serf der babers," said the lawyer as the client bowed himself out of the office.

Certainly every tobacconist wants to attract the public to his store, and to do that he must keep up to the times. Get in line and follow the crowd—Subscribe to **THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE** at \$1 a year (with great premium)—it's just what you want, and it will give you many new and unique advertising ideas, and valuable suggestions; keep you fully posted and increase your business largely. It will please you and your customers immensely for a whole year.

### Mr. O'Reilly and the Duke.

ONCE there was a millionaire named O'Reilly, who had a servant girl working for him also named O'Reilly, says the Ind. Sun.

O'Reilly disliked fortune hunters, so when one came to town—a duke from England—O'Reilly immediately invited the penniless man to his home.

"Please to meet you, duke," said O'Reilly. "Let me introduce you to Miss O'Reilly."

The duke, and Miss O'Reilly, who was dressed for the occasion, got along famously, Miss O'Reilly doing most of the listening. Before two hours had passed the duke came out of the parlor, and said to Mr. O'Reilly:

"Margaret and I love each other devotedly. Will you give me her hand in marriage?"

"Certainly, duke," answered Mr. O'Reilly, gazing up at his cigar smoke. "Margaret has always longed for a title. Can I send for a clergyman and have the ceremony performed now?"

The duke was delighted with this, of course, and answered heartily in the affirmative.

So they were married and the drinks were on the duke.

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Five Cent  
Cigar  
OF THE AGE.

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*the* Lucke Rolled 10 FOR 25¢ Cigar

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These prices are subject to change without notice, and may vary according to the weight of the cigars, on which the high duty is based.

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Almuerzos .....	1-20. \$191	Reina Victoria .....	1-10. 140	Regalia Esp. Sub. ....	1-20. 153	Panetelas .....	1-10. 113
Cabinets .....	1-40. 265	<b>Fior de Cuba.</b>		Rositas .....	1-20. 105	Perfectos .....	1-40. 220
Claveles .....	1-10. 86	Albas Finos. ....	1-40. \$310	Sublimas Perf. ....	1-40. 193	Petit Bouquets. ....	1-40. 188
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Tales of Smoke. ....	1-40. 282	Hortensias .....	1-40. 192	Bouquets .....	1-40. 179	Bachelors .....	1-40. \$120
Gems .....	1-10. 102	Portenas .....	1-40. 155	Bouquet Royal. ....	1-40. 115	Bouquets .....	1-40. 145
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Longfellow .....	1-40. 441	Petit Bouquet. ....	1-40. 190	Concha Esp. ....	1-20. 118	Excelsior .....	1-20. 125
Marquesas .....	1-20. 100	Perfectos Esp. ....	1-40. 308	Concha Esp. Ex. ....	1-20. 95	<b>La Rosa de Santiago.</b>	
Obsequios .....	1-40. 260	Perillas .....	1-20. 90	Concha Selec. ....	1-20. 94	Brevas, a la Con's 1-10. ....	\$169
Oradores .....	1-10. 115	Recuerdos Imp. ....	1-40. 400	Londres fino Esp. ....	1-10. 137	Bouquet, Extra. ....	1-40. 303
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Regalia Esp. Ex. ....	1-20. 153	<b>Fior de Benito Suarez.</b>		New Yorkinos. ....	1-40. 190	Delicicosos .....	1-40. 175
Violas .....	1-10. 102	Panetelas .....	1-10. \$93	Para la Nobless. ....	1-20. 136	Diplomaticos Esp. ....	1-20. 193
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				Puritanos Finos. ....	1-20. 133	Jockey Club .....	1-10. 106
				Regalia de Paris. ....	1-40. 133	Magnolias .....	1-20. 185
						Media Reg Esp. ....	1-20. 147
						Perfectos .....	1-40. 220

**Villar y Villar.**

Bouquets	1-40..	\$215
Deliciosos	1-20..	174
Escep Rothschilda	1-10..	286
Esquitos	1-20..	175
Invincibles	1-40..	294
Knickerbockers	1-10..	183
Panetelas	1-10..	138
Perfectos	1-40..	243
Petit Bouquets	1-40..	182
Princesses	1-10..	112
Reina Fina	1-20..	193
Rothschilda	1-20..	205

**The Waldorf.**

Bouquets	1-40..	\$160
Cazadores (foil)	1-40..	235
Concha Esp.	1-20..	105
Delicias	1-20..	100
Deliciosos	1-40..	150
Deliciosos, Ex.	1-40..	105
Londres Imp.	1-10..	135
Lulu	1-20..	215
Perfectos	1-40..	197
Perf. (for fina)	1-40..	195
Perfecto Finos	1-40..	200
Petit Bouquet	1-40..	140
Petit Duc	1-20..	155
Panetelas	1-10..	100
Puritano Finos	1-20..	120
Rothschilda	1-20..	165

**Waldorf-Astoria.**

Aristocracias	1-20..	\$160
Astoria Perf.	1-40..	244
Bouquets Imp.	1-40..	210
Deliciosos	1-40..	193
Greater New York	1-40..	276
Invincibles	1-40..	265
Panetelas	1-10..	125
Petit Bouquet	1-40..	178
Perfectos	1-40..	215
Puritano Finos	1-20..	130
Regalia del Prin.	1-10..	128
Royales	1-20..	192
Regalia Excel.	1-20..	160
Lilas (foil)	1-10..	124
Serpentinos	1-20..	162

**Washington.**

Bouquets Finos	1-40..	\$133
Edison's	1-40..	192
Invincibles	1-40..	193
Puritano Finas	1-20..	112

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Apollos	1-20..	\$71
Bouquets	1-40..	104
Brevas (pks. 25)	1-10..	85
Camelias	1-20..	60
Concha Bouq. Ex.	1-20..	92
Concha Esp.	1-20..	75
Casinos	1-20..	90
Deliciosos	1-40..	110
Elegantes	1-20..	56
Invincibles	1-40..	143
Jockey Club	1-10..	71
Longfellow	1-10..	102
Londres Fino Esp.	1-10..	82
Liliputanos	1-20..	53
Magnolias	1-20..	116
Perfectos	1-40..	128
Perfectos finos	1-40..	100
Petit Bouquets	1-40..	92
Petit Duc	1-20..	82
Pre's de P. & T.	1-40..	156
Puritano Finos	1-20..	78
Regalia Esp.	1-20..	104
Rothschilda Ex.	1-20..	88
Varieties	1-20..	133
Washington	1-40..	213

**La Elegancia.**

A. M. & C. Cabinet	1-40..	\$178
Apollo	1-20..	70
Bouquet Fino	1-40..	106
Brevas Esp.	1-20..	88
Cabinet	1-20..	94
Camelias	1-20..	57
Chiquitos	1-20..	39
Comme il Faut	1-20..	79
Conchas Bouquet	1-20..	84

Concha Ex.	1-20..	\$58
Conchas Selectas	1-20..	64
Deliciosos Ex.	1-40..	106
Double Enders	1-20..	78
Favoritas	1-20..	53
Invincibles	1-40..	143
Jockey Club	1-10..	70
Knickerbockers	1-40..	78
Knickerbocker Ex.	1-40..	73
Londres Grande	1-10..	81
Manhattan	1-40..	75
Media Regalia	1-20..	68
Opera Reinas	1-10..	35
Perfectos	1-40..	132
Perf. Ex. Finol	1-40..	124
Perlas	1-20..	79
Petit Bouquets	1-40..	74
Petit Duc	1-20..	72
Ponies	1-40..	35
Puritano Ex.	1-20..	76
Regalia Esp.	1-20..	102
Regalia Ex.	1-20..	98
Rothschilda	1-20..	78
Savoy	1-20..	93
Selection Esp.	1-20..	123
Selecta Ex.	1-20..	77
Selectas	1-20..	83
Union League Esp.	1-20..	74
Victorias	1-40..	96

**La Belle Rosa.**

Camelias	1-20..	\$57
Concha Finas	1-20..	80
Puritano	1-20..	76
Delicias	1-20..	85
Diplomaticas	1-20..	95
Perfecto Finos	1-40..	120
After Dinners	1-40..	125

**First Consul.**

Alvas	1-20..	\$200
Almuerzos (pks. 10)	1-20..	130
Concha Especiales	1-20..	65
Concha Fina Esp.	1-20..	80
Delicias	1-40..	100
Excepcionales	1-40..	160
Invincibles	1-40..	165
Jockey Club	1-40..	105
Londres	1-10..	75
Londres Grand.	1-10..	80
Media Perfecto	1-40..	95
Musketer	1-20..	60
Old Timers (pks. 25)	1-20..	85
Panetelas (Bock)	1-10..	80
Panetelas (M. G.)	1-20..	78
Perfectos	1-40..	135
Perf. (Carolina)	1-40..	137
Perfectos (H. C.)	1-40..	135
Perfectos (M. G.)	1-40..	140
Puritano Extra	1-20..	78
Puritano Finos	1-20..	85
Regalia Britannia	1-40..	150
Rothschilda	1-20..	85
Rothschilda Ex.	1-20..	92
Senoritas	1-20..	35

Panetelas	1-20..	85
Panetelas (M. G.)	1-20..	78
Perfectos	1-40..	135
Perf. (Carolina)	1-40..	137
Perfectos (H. C.)	1-40..	135
Perfectos (M. G.)	1-40..	140
Puritano Extra	1-20..	78
Puritano Finos	1-20..	85
Regalia Britannia	1-40..	150
Rothschilda	1-20..	85
Rothschilda Ex.	1-20..	92
Senoritas	1-20..	35

**La Flor de Sanchez y Haya.**

Aguilas	1-40..	\$250
Bouquets	1-40..	85
Bouquet Sub.	1-40..	90
Cabinets	1-40..	125
Conchas	1-20..	63
Concha Finas	1-20..	75
Conchas Sub.	1-20..	70
Coquetas	1-10..	65
Deliciosos	1-40..	260
Imperiales	1-40..	180
Invincibles	1-40..	180
Londres Cor.	1-10..	85
Londres Ex.	1-10..	75
Londres Fino	1-20..	75
Non Plus Ultra	1-20..	85
Panetelas	1-20..	80
Perfectos	1-40..	150
Perfectos Finos	1-40..	140
Petit Duc	1-40..	70
President	1-40..	210
Puritano Ex.	1-20..	82
Regalia Eleg.	1-20..	95
Rothschilda	1-20..	90
Trabucos	1-40..	715

**Marcello.**

Brevas	1-10..	\$95
Bouquets	1-40..	105
Cazadores (foil)	1-40..	115
Conchas Esp.	1-20..	63
Deliciosos Fina	1-40..	95
Excepcionales	1-40..	173
Entrances	1-10..	75
Graciosos	1-20..	92
Imperiales	1-40..	180
Invincibles	1-40..	160
Knickerbockers	1-10..	90
Londres Grande	1-10..	80
League Clubs	1-20..	80
Petit Duc	1-20..	88
Panetelas	1-10..	78
Perfectos Royal	1-40..	95
Perfectos Ex.	1-40..	110
Perfectos	1-40..	130
Puritano Finos	1-20..	80
Regalia Chiquita	1-20..	60
Rothschilda	1-20..	82
Rothschilda Ex. F.	1-20..	78
Regalia Ex.	1-20..	100

**La Sinceridad.**

Ambassadors	1-40..	\$115
Aristocrats	1-40..	105
Casadores	1-40..	100
Chums	1-10..	35
Criterion	1-20..	100
Deliciosos	1-20..	85
Diplomatico	1-20..	85
Emperors	1-40..	150
Fancy Tales	1-40..	175
Jockey Club	1-20..	95
Knickerbocker	1-20..	70
Londres Grande	1-10..	70
London Club	1-20..	95
Majors	1-40..	115
Monograms	1-40..	115
Panetela Fina	1-20..	80
Perfecto C.	1-40..	130
Perfectos Finos	1-40..	100
Perfectos	1-40..	125
Perlas	1-40..	90
Puritano Finos	1-20..	80
Regalia Noblez	1-20..	95
Town Topics	1-40..	75

**Optimo.**

Aromaticos	1-20..	\$90
Bachelors	1-20..	100
Caballeros (a bds)	1-10..	85
Conchas Ex.	1-20..	80
Delmonico	1-20..	80
Excepcionales	1-40..	165
High Life	1-20..	70
Invincibles	1-40..	175
Londres Fino	1-10..	70
Media Perfectos	1-40..	90
Napoleons	1-40..	135
Panetelas	1-20..	72
Perfectos	1-40..	125
Prince of Wales	1-20..	85
Regalia Esp.	1-20..	95
Reina Vic. Esp.	1-10..	95

**La Petronilla.**

Londres	1-10..	\$78
Madison	1-20..	80
Regalia Especial	1-20..	95
Van Buren	1-20..	108
Washington	1-20..	98

**Riqueza de Tampa.**

Bouquet Fina	1-40..	\$90
Brevas	1-10..	85
Conchas Esp.	1-20..	63
Delicias	1-20..	75
Elegantes	1-20..	68
Exquisitos	1-40..	65
Invincibles	1-40..	158
Liliputanos	1-10..	88
Panetelas	1-10..	78
Panetelas Finas	1-10..	63
Petit Duc	1-20..	75
Puritano	1-20..	75
Puritano Finas	1-20..	85
Perfectos	1-40..	128
Regalia Esp.	1-20..	98
Smokers	1-10..	62
Violetas	1-10..	80

**Solace Factory.**

Bouquets	1-40..	\$75
Club Exps.	1-20..	75

Con. Esp.	1-20..	\$65
Coquettes	1-10..	60
Deliciosos	1-40..	88
Delmonicos	1-20..	85
Favoritas	1-20..	80
Full Dress	1-20..	90
Knickerbockers	1-20..	100
Napoleons	1-40..	173
Perfectos	1-40..	130
Perfectos Esp.	1-40..	95
Petit Duc	1-40..	100
Petit Perfectos	1-40..	100
Puritano	1-20..	80
Puritano Finas	1-20..	85
Reina Finas	1-10..	70
Reina Vic. Ex.	1-20..	90
Rothschild	1-20..	95
Young Ladies	1-20..	60

**La Unita de Cuba.**

After Dinner	1-40..	\$150
Bouquets	1-40..	72
Cabinets	1-40..	170
Conchas	1-20..	63
Conchas Esp.	1-20..	65
Delmonicos	1-20..	80
Invincibles	1-40..	165
Londres	1-20..	80
Panetelas	1-10..	75
Perfectos	1-40..	135
Perlas	1-20..	70
Puritano	1-20..	80
Sublimas	1-20..	85

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Brevas	1-10..	85
Bouquet Ex.	1-40..	80
Conchas Ex.	1-20..	75
Cabinets	1-40..	105
Diplomatico Esp.	1-20..	105
Delicias Fina	1-40..	110
Delmonico	1-20..	80
Gems	1-40..	75
Invincible	1-40..	170
Jockey Club	1-20..	110
Monople	1-40..	100
Majors	1-40..	150
Perfecto	1-20..	105
Perfecto Finas	1-40..	150
Puritano Esp.	1-20..	75
Panetelas	1-20..	75
Petit Bouquet	1-40..	85
Panetela Finas	1-20..	80
Perlas	1-40..	110
Perfecto	1-40..	160
Perfecto Extra	1-40..	150
Perfecto Esp.	1-40..	150
Royal Perfecto	1-20..	100
Regalia Cabinet	1-40..	130
Regalia Esp.	1-20..	100
Rothschild	1-20..	85
Reina Vic. Esp.	1-10..	100
Regalia Perfecto	1-40..	130
Violetas	1-20..	60

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Puritano Fino	1-20..	\$80
Regalia Concha	1-20..	70
Concha Fina Esp.	1-20..	60
Brevas	1-10..	85
Conchas	1-10..	70
Puritano Esp.	1-20..	70
Perfectos	1-40..	110
Victorias	1-20..	85
Panetelas	1-20..	80
Colonias	1-20..	90
Stubs	1-20..	90
Regalia American	1-10..	70
Union Club	1-20..	90
Perfecto de C.	1-40..	100
Perfecto Extra	1-40..	85
Invincibles	1-40..	150
Dainties	1-20..	90
Jockey Club	1-20..	95
Panetelas Finas	1-20..	75
Delicias	1-40..	100
Petit Duc	1-20..	85
Bouquet	1-40..	80
Rothschilda	1-20..	75
Edition De Luxe	1-40..	75



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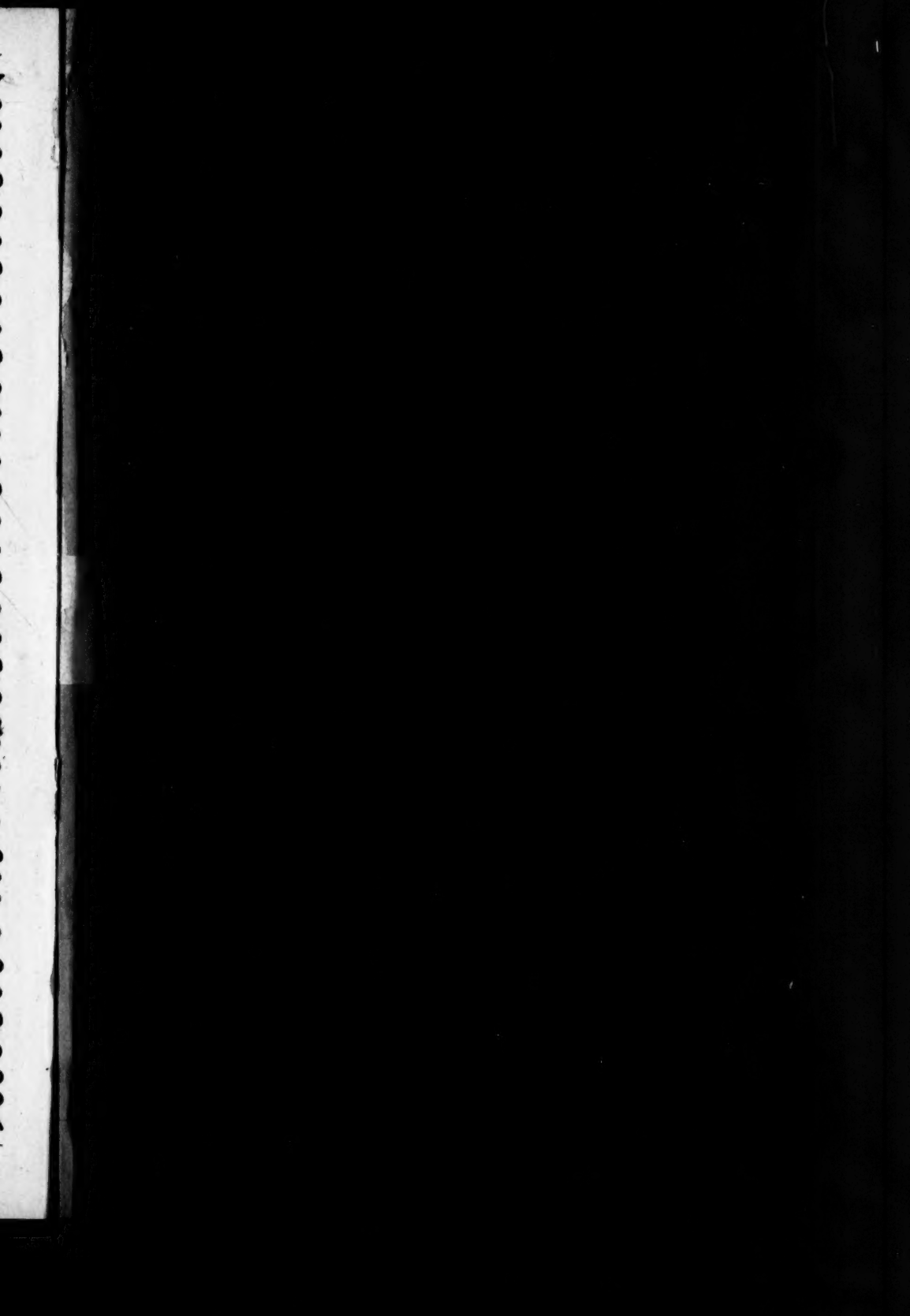
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